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POLITICAL BALLADS

VOL. I.

LONDON

PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.

NEW-STREET SQUARE

POLITICAL BALLADS

OF THE

SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES

ANNOTATED

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BY W. WALKER WILKINS

"*More solid things do not show the complexion of the times so well as Ballads and Libels*"—Selden's Table-Talk

LL.9.22

In Two Vols.

VOLUME THE FIRST

LONDON
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS
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PREFACE.

NEARLY one hundred and fifty years have elapſed ſince the laſt *Collection of State Poems* was publiſhed. And that collection, which was compriſed originally in two, but afterwards augmented to four volumes, relates only to a period of our hiſtory extending over little more than half a century—namely, from the uſurpation of Cromwell to the acceſſion of Queen Anne. But for the fact that the volumes in queſtion are "by various hands," and therefore repreſent more fully than any others the ſatirical wit of the limited period to which they refer, they would ſcarcely deſerve a paſſing notice, ſo very partial and inaccurate are the contents of them. They contain, moreover, few *political ballads*, properly ſo called; but conſiſt almoſt entirely of long and inſipid "poems," chiefly from the pens of Buckingham, Rocheſter, and other exalted perſonages, who exerciſed in their day conſiderable

influence about the Court, and in the government of the country, and who, rather as an exercise of a supposed necessary accomplishment than from any baser motive, occasionally amused themselves with ridiculing the foibles of majesty, and exposing the intrigues of their rivals for his confidence. Such writers are manifestly no exponents of the *popular mind:* the vast majority of their compositions have long since fallen into neglect, almost oblivion, and are never likely again to interest, much less influence, any class of readers.

Whilst every other department of literature has been thoroughly explored, amplified, and variously illustrated, our modern Political Songs and Ballads — the best popular illustrations of history — constitute the solitary exception to the general rule. Two causes in particular may be assigned for the singular indifference with which such compositions have been hitherto treated. In the first place, they are so diffusely scattered as to render hopeless any attempt by a single individual to make, if such a thing were desirable, an entire collection of them, or indeed any approximation to it; and secondly, their rarely possessing any literary merit.

There are, however, few compositions more

intereſting in themſelves, or that offer more valuable material to the hiſtorical inquirer, than theſe ephemeral productions. Referring to an age leſs faſtidious in its taſtes and expreſſions than our own, too many of them, it cannot be denied, are not only faulty in conſtruction, but alſo objectionable in matter. Yet theſe are not the only *criteria* by which they ſhould be judged. The ordinary rules of criticiſm, indeed, do not apply to them. They are the emphatic ſongs of a liberty-loving people; they contain the out-pourings of unconquerable ſpirits, the unequivocal ſentiments of reſolute men; in a word, they are the rude but moſt expreſſive monuments of the great political ſtruggles in which our jealous anceſtors were engaged; and on that account they merit, if not our critical admiration, at all events deliverance from abſolute oblivion. In the abſence of theſe artleſs effuſions, our ſocial hiſtory would be incomplete. They exhibit as well the manners as the feelings of paſt generations. The ſtudent, by looking narrowly into them, may oftentimes be enabled to deduce moſt important concluſions reſpecting the origin and iſſue of former inſurrections and factions; juſt in the ſame manner as the geologiſt, who, detecting on the ſurface of

the ſedimentary rock the latent impreſſions of ſome primeval ſtorm, or the footprints of races long extinct, determines the courſe of the one and the character of the other.

"The popular ſongs of a nation (remarks an able writer on Political Literature) conſtitute one of the moſt palpable manifeſtations of its political feelings and ſympathies; and this is more ſtrikingly the caſe, if other legitimate channels for the expreſſion of public ſentiment be choked or dried up by the repreſſive hand of power. The ſong-writer is an ubiquitous and privileged character. He purſues his avocation in the family circle, in the workſhop, in the tavern, at the gay feſtival, in the ſqualid alley, in the barrack-room, and in the meſs-room of the ſailor. His ſtrains are hearty, bold, and genial; the embodiment of thought, emotion, and melody. The popular ſong is eaſy, ſimple, and born of the incidents of the day. It is the intellectual perſonification of the feelings and opinions of a people. It is the delight of the multitude, the joy and ſolace of the many. It laughs in deriſion at deſpotic power, lightens the ſocial burdens of life, and inſpires the patriot with hope. Of the popular ſatirical ſong much has been written, but nothing

definitely ſettled. There is a ſchiſm among critics on its nature and character. It is a compound of delicate eſſences and incommunicable graces which bids defiance to definition. But we know that popular ſongs muſt be the energetic and faithful tranſcripts of general experience and feelings. Their neceſſary characteriſtics are fancy, paſſion, dramatic effect, rapidity, and pathos. They are not transferable; the popular ſatire and humour of one country cannot be adequately reliſhed by another; nor, in the ſame country, are ſuch productions ſo influential on public opinion in ſubſequent periods of its hiſtory, as when they firſt appeared. Time blunts the inſtrument, and deadens the national perceptions of the witty and ridiculous."

The real value and importance of ſuch ephemeral productions may be beſt diſcerned in the volumes of the late Lord Macaulay, the only native hiſtorian who has thought them worthy of his particular ſtudy and uſe. It is no diſparagement to the literary fame of that diſtinguiſhed writer, to affirm that they have imparted to his pages a vitality which the profoundeſt knowledge of the principles of human action, combined with the greateſt erudi-

tion and the higheſt deſcriptive powers, could never have effected without them. It was from theſe long-neglected picture-writings of great hiſtorical ſcenes, and of the celebrated individuals who are crowded in them—"in their habit as they lived"—that he derived ſo much of his wonderfully minute knowledge of all that related to the ſtirring times of the ſeventeenth and eighteenth centuries. To theſe deſpiſed and inexhauſtible ſources of information, he was principally indebted for his life-like delineations of character; for his deſcriptions of popular commotions; and, not unfrequently, for his knowledge of the motives by which public men were actuated, at particular conjunctures, in their conduct.

The admirable uſe made of them by Lord Macaulay, in his hiſtorical fragment and eſſays, has ſuggeſted the idea of collecting and republiſhing the following ſpecimens. They have been gleaned from exceedingly rare (not a few, I believe, *unique*) ſingle-ſheets and broadſides, old manuſcripts, and contemporary journals, in the national and other libraries. A few have been extracted from very ſcarce volumes, which were publiſhed at the cloſe of the ſeventeenth or early in the eighteenth century; and fewer ſtill have been derived from more

modern books, in order to give a greater completeneſs to the ſeries. Thus by far the larger portion will be entirely new to the generality of readers.

In my ſelection of the Ballads I have been guided (ſo far, that is, as the limited means at my diſpoſal would admit) by a deſire to reproduce ſuch only as are particularly characteriſtic or illuſtrative of the periods to which they reſpectively refer; and, at the ſame time are not unfitted to meet the general eye. Licentiouſneſs, unfortunately, as every literary antiquary knows, is the rule rather than the exception with this claſs of popular compoſitions.

It is almoſt unneceſſary to ſtate that the names of the various parties alluded to in theſe pages are rarely to be found in the original broadſides, or in the early volumes whence they have been obtained. Sometimes names of individuals have been omitted altogether, at others their initials only have been given, for reaſons too obvious to mention. In reſtoring them (which was by no means the leaſt onerous part of my editorial labours), without the uſual diſtinguiſhing brackets, I have been led to do ſo ſimply to avoid fatiguing the eye of the reader, and diſfiguring almoſt every page with very needleſs

additions. As a guarantee, however, for accuracy in theſe important reſpects, I beg to aſſure the reader that, in every doubtful inſtance, I have never relied excluſively upon my own judgment, but invariably have ſought that of ſome literary friend better qualified than myſelf to ſolve the difficulty. I feel confident, therefore, that no error of the kind referred to will be detected in the following pages.

My original intention was to include in the preſent collection the moſt celebrated political ballads referring to the reigns of the laſt two Georges; but finding my preſcribed limits would not admit of anything like juſtice being done to them, I have been reluctantly compelled to abandon that part of my ſcheme. Should, however, the preſent ſeries happily meet with the approbation of the public, I ſhall furniſh with pleaſure the remaining inſtalment, in the ſhape of an additional volume.

London, October, 1860.

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POLITICAL BALLADS

CHARLES I.

THE ORGAN'S ECHO.

(To the tune of the Cathedral Service.)

[Southey, the ableſt apologiſt of Laud, ſtates that libels and ballads againſt the Archbiſhop "were hawked and ſung through ſtreets, and caricatures exhibited, in which he was repreſented as caged, or chained to a poſt; and with ſuch things the rabble made ſport at taverns and alehouſes, being as drunk with malice as with the liquor they ſwilled in." This is doubtleſs one of the ballads referred to. The original broadſide whence it is copied is ſurmounted with a rude woodcut of the unfortunate Archbiſhop bound to a poſt, with a pair of expanded wings on his ſhoulders, ſignificant of his deſire to eſcape. "Neile of Wincheſter and Laud of London (ſays Carlyle) were a frightfully ceremonial pair of biſhops; the fountain they of innumerable tendencies to papiſtry and the old clothes of Babylon." In juſtice, however, to the memory of the Archbiſhop, it ſhould be added that whilſt his great reverence for antiquity and fondneſs for the pomps and ceremonies of religion expoſed him to the hatred and perſecution of the fanatical Puritans, his jealous guardianſhip of the intereſts of the Church of England rendered him equally obnoxious to the Papal Court, where his judicial murder was regarded as more likely to advance than retard the Roman Catholic cauſe in this country.]

MEMENTO *MORI*,
I'll tell you a ſtrange ſtory,
Will make you all ſorry,
For our old friend William;
Alas, poor William.

As he was in his bravery,
And thought to bring us all in ſlavery,
The Parliament found out his knavery,
And ſo fell William;
Alas, poor William.

His pope-like domineering,
And ſome other tricks appearing,
Provoked Sir Edward Deering*,
To blame the old prelate;
Alas, poor prelate.

Some ſay he was in hope,
To bring England again to th' Pope;
But now he's in danger of an axe or a rope;
Farewell old Canterbury;
Alas, poor Canterbury.

There's another of the ſame litter,
Whoſe breech cannot chooſe but twitter,
He was againſt all goodneſs ſo bitter,
'Twas the Biſhop of Ely.†
Alas, poor Ely.

* Alluding to Sir Edward's ſpeech in Parliament (Seſſion 1640) on the government of the Church, in which he accuſed Laud and other prelates of obtruding new canon laws upon the laity, after the faſhion of Rome.

† Dr. Matthew Wren, previouſly Biſhop of Norwich, but now of Ely, who was deprived 5th July, 1641, and committed to the Tower for "high miſdemeanours" in the laſt mentioned dioceſe.

And all the reſt of that lordly crew,
Their greät inſolencies are like to rue,
As ſoon as Parliament their lives do view,
Come down, brave prelates;
Alas, poor prelates.

You know likewiſe in this two or three year,
Many a one for Lamb* paid very dear,
But now he begins to ſtink for fear;
Therefore take heed Doctor Lamb;
Alas, poor Doctor Lamb.

Then there is alſo one Doctor Duck†,
The proverb ſays, *What's worſe than ill luck;*
We hope the Parliament his feathers will pluck,
For being ſo buſy, Doctor Duck;
Alas, poor Doctor Duck.

Deans and Chapters with their retinue,
Are not like long for to continue,
They have ſo abuſed their great revenue;
That down muſt ceremonies;
Alas, popiſh ceremonies.

* Dr. Lamb, a high churchman, and preacher of St. Mary Hall, in Oxford; he ſurvived the Rebellion, and died (1664) rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn.

† Dr. Arthur Duck, Chancellor of Wells and London. He was one of the "ſuffering" clergy, and died 1648.

Eccleſiaſtical courts are down too, they ſay,
England may be glad of that happy day,
They have, of late, borne ſuch a great ſway,
That farewell thoſe poor proctors;
Alas, poor proctors.

And now the papiſts are at their wits ends,
To ſee the downfall of ſo many friends,
But they ſhall all rue it ere the Parliament ends,
Believe it, Roman Catholics;
Alas, poor Catholics.

There is another that hardly thrives,
Which many men of life deprives,
He was in Newgate for having two wives,
It is the young hangman;
Alas, poor hangman.*

* Whether Derrick or Brandon is here referred to matters nothing; the fact of aſſociating ſuch a functionary with prelates and deans is characteriſtic of the period.

ON THE ARMY MARCHING FROM LONDON.

[The Parliament adjourned itſelf on the 3rd and reaſſembled on the 20th September, 1641. In that interval all claſſes were greatly agitated by the movements of the Royaliſts, whom they feared might ſurpriſe the capital. To ſecure their own perſons from inſult, as well as to reſtrain thoſe who ſecretly ſympathiſed with the King, the Parliament demanded a guard from the Earl of Eſſex, before the Army ſet forth, which was immediately granted. The ballad —a royaliſt's effuſion — ridicules the pretenſions and fears of the Parliamentary leaders.]

COME tell me what you lack,
That the knaves in a pack,
You will not ſee forthcoming:
Love you treaſon ſo well,
That you'll neither buy nor ſell,
But keep a noiſe with your drumming.

What do you guard,
With your watch and ward,
Your own ware or wife's thing?
If up come the blades,
Down go all your trades,
They'll not leave you a dead or a live thing.

What do your prophets ſay?
When will come that very day,
That all your money ſhall be paid in?
Great Strafford he is dead*,
You have cut off his head,
And the Biſhops are all laid in.†

Yet ſtill you grow poor,
As any common w——,
That long hath been without her jading;
None will come and buy,
You may learn to ſwear and lie,
As you were wont to do with your trading.

Yet ſtill I do find,
There's ſomething in the wind,
That long hath been a-framing;
O that is flat and plain,
The Parliament muſt reign,
And you'll have a king by naming.

---

* The earl ſuffered 12th May, 1641.

† The prelates here alluded to were thoſe who, at the inſtigation of Williams, Archbiſhop of York, forwarded a declaration to the Lords, complaining that they were unable to travel in ſafety to their places in Parliament, and at the ſame time proteſting againſt the validity of any reſolutions, &c., paſſed in their abſence. For this prelatical declaration, eleven of its ſubſcribers, including the Archbiſhop, were, by a vote of the Lower Houſe, committed to the Tower, and charged with *high treaſon!*

We may ſee how they can,
From a woman take a man,
If ſo they pleaſe to declare him;
But let them take heed,
For the King is king indeed,
And the ſoldiers cannot ſpare him.

Is it nothing, do you think,
Twenty-four in a clink,
Kings to make up his ſucceſſion:
Beſides you have as good,
Three princes of his blood,
And three kingdoms in poſſeſſion.

His virtues to ye,
Something, too, ſhould be,
If that you could amend them;
But inſtead of chaſte and juſt,
You'll have cruelty & luſt—
Marry, another King Harry God ſend you!

WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN.

BY MARTIN PARKER.

[There are ſeveral verſions of this celebrated ballad extant; this is the original one. Ritſon included it in his *Collection of Ancient Songs*, but was unaware of the fact that Martin Parker (who he deſcribes as a mere Grub Street ſcribbler and great ballad-monger of Charles the Firſt's time) was the author of it. In reference to it, he remarks: "It is with particular pleaſure that the editor is enabled to reſtore to the public the original words of the moſt famous and popular air ever heard of in this country. Invented to ſupport the declining intereſt of the royal martyr, it ſerved afterwards with more ſucceſs to keep up the ſpirits of the Cavaliers, and promote the reſtoration of his ſon; an event it was employed to celebrate all over the kingdom. At the Revolution [of 1688] it of courſe became an inherent of the exiled family, whoſe cauſe it never deſerted."]

WHAT Booker* can prognoſticate,
Concerning kings or kingdoms' fate?
I think myſelf to be as wiſe
As he that gazeth on the ſkies:

* Booker, Pond, Rivers, Swallow, Dove, and Dade, whoſe names occur in this and the following ſtanza, were the moſt famous aſtrologers and almanac makers in the ſeventeenth century.

My ſkill goes beyond,
The depth of a Pond,
Or Rivers in the greateſt rain;
Whereby I can tell,
All things will be well,
When the king enjoys his own again.

There's neither Swallow, Dove, nor Dade,
Can ſoar more high, nor deeper wade;
Nor ſhow a reaſon from the ſtars,
What cauſeth peace or civil wars:
The man in the moon
May wear out his ſhoon,
By running after Charles his wain;
But all's to no end,
For the times will not mend,
Till the king enjoys his own again.

Though for a time we ſee Whitehall
With cobwebs hanging on the wall,
Inſtead of ſilk and ſilver brave,
Which formerly it uſed to have;
With rich perfume
In every room,
Delightful to that princely train,
Which again you ſhall ſee,
When the time it ſhall be,
That the king enjoys his own again.

Full forty years the royal crown
Hath been his father's and his own;
And is there any one but he,
That in the ſame ſhould ſharer be?
For who better may
The ſceptre ſway,
Than he that hath ſuch right to reign?
Then let's hope for a peace,
For the wars will not ceaſe,
Till the king enjoys his own again.

Till then upon Ararat's hill
My Hope ſhall caſt her anchor ſtill,
Until I ſee ſome peaceful dove
Bring home the branch I dearly love:
Then will I wait,
Till the waters abate,
Which now diſturb my troubled brain,
Elſe never rejoice,
Till I hear the voice,
That the king enjoys his own again.

A PROGNOSTICATION ON WILL LAUD, LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,

WRITTEN A.D. 1641, WHICH ACCORDINGLY IS COME TO PASS.

[The date of this ballad is 1644, and was probably written ſhortly after the fate of the Archbiſhop was made known. His trial laſted from the 12th March, 1643-4, to the 29th July, 1644. The bill of attainder againſt him was paſſed on the 4th January, 1644-5, and he ſuffered on Tower Hill with great firmneſs on the 10th of the ſame month.]

MY little lord, methinks 'tis ſtrange,
That you ſhould ſuffer ſuch a change,
In ſuch a little ſpace.
You, that ſo proudly t'other day,
Did rule the king, and country ſway,
Muſt budge to 'nother place.

Remember now from whence you came,
And that your grandſires of your name,
Were dreſſers of old cloth.*

* The Archbiſhop's father was a clothier at Reading.

Go, bid the dead men bring their ſhears,
And dreſs your coat to ſave your ears,
Or pawn your head for both.

The wind ſhakes cedars that are tall,
An haughty mind muſt have a fall,
You are but low I ſee;
And good it had been for you ſtill,
If both your body, mind, and will,
In equal ſhape ſhould be.

The king by heark'ning to your charms,
Hugg'd our deſtruction in his arms,
And gates to foes did ope;
Your ſtaff would ſtrike his ſceptre down,
Your mitre would o'ertop the crown,
If you ſhould be a Pope.

But you that did ſo firmly ſtand,
To bring in Popery in this land,
Have miſſ'd your helliſh aim;
Your ſaints fall down, your angels fly,
Your croſſes on yourſelf do lie,
Your craft will be your ſhame.

We ſcorn that Popes with crozier ſtaves,
Mitres, or keys, ſhould make us ſlaves,
And to their feet to bend:

The Pope and his malicious crew,
We hope to handle all, like you,
And bring them to an end.

The ſilenc'd clergy, void of fear,
In your damnation will bear ſhare,
And ſpeak their mind at large:
Your cheeſe-cake cap and magpie gown,
That make ſuch ſtrife in ev'ry town,
Muſt now defray your charge.

Within this ſix years ſix ears have
Been cropt off worthy men and grave,
For ſpeaking what was true;
But if your ſubtle head and ears,
Can ſatisfy thoſe ſix of theirs,
Expect but what's your due.

Poor people that have felt your rod,
Yield *laud* to the devil *, praise to God,
For freeing them from thrall;
Your little *grace*, for want of grace,
Muſt loſe your patriarchal place,
And have no grace at all.

* Armſtrong, the king's jeſter, once aſked permiſſion of his Majeſty to ſay grace at dinner, when the Archbiſhop was preſent, which requeſt being granted him, he exclaimed "All praiſe to the Lord, and little *laud* to the devil!" a witticiſm that was never forgotten by the vulgar in the times of the Rebellion.

Your white lawn ſleeves that were the wings
Whereon you ſoared to lofty things,
Muſt be your fins to ſwim;
Th' Archbishop's *ſee* by Thames muſt go,
With him unto the Tower below,
There to be rack'd like him.

Your oath cuts deep, your lies hurt ſore,
Your *canons* made Scot's cannons roar,
But now I hope you'll find,
That there are cannons in the Tower,
Will quickly batter down your power,
And ſink your haughty mind.

The Commonalty have made a vow,
No oath, no canons to allow,
No Biſhop's *Common Prayer;*
No lazy prelates that ſhall ſpend
Such great revenues to no end,
But virtue to impair.

Dumb dogs that wallow in ſuch ſtore,
That would ſuffice above a ſcore,
Paſtors of upright will;
Now they'll make all the biſhops teach,
And you muſt in the pulpit preach,
That ſtands on Tower Hill.

When the young lads to you did come,
You knew their meaning by the drum,
You had better yielded then *;
Your head and body then might have
One death, one burial, and one grave,
By boys—but two by men.

But you that by your judgments clear
Will make five quarters in a year,
And hang them on the gates
That head ſhall ſtand upon the bridge,
When your's ſhall under Traitor's trudge,
And ſmile on your miſſ'd pates.

The little *Wren* † that ſoar'd ſo high
Thought on his wings away to fly,
Like *Finch* ‡, I know not whither;
But now the ſubtle whirly-*Wind-Debanke* § hath left the bird behind,
You two muſt flock together.

* Five hundred London apprentices marched to Lambeth Palace to ſeize him; but the Archbiſhop, being appriſed of their deſign, effected his eſcape. One of the ringleaders, a tailor, was hung for this attempt.

† See ante, p. 4.

‡ Lord-Keeper Finch, who, to ſave his life, fled beyond ſea, and did not return till the Reſtoration.

§ Sir Francis Windebanke, Secretary of State, and (ſays Whitelock) "a great intimate of Archbiſhop Laud, having been queſtioned

A biſhop's head, a deputy's breaſt,
A *Finch's* tongue, a *Wren* from 's neſt,
Will ſet the Devil on foot;
He's like to have a dainty diſh,
At once both fleſh and fowl and fiſh,
And *Duck* and *Lamb* to boot.

But this I ſay, that your lewd life
Did fill both Church and State with ſtrife,
And trample on the Crown;
Like a bleſſ'd martyr you will die,
For Church's good; ſhe riſes high,
When ſuch as you fall down.

---

for reprieving Jeſuits and prieſts, and ſuſpected of worſe matters, to prevent any farther trial, he eſcaped into France [1640], where he remained to his death (as is reported) a profeſſed papiſt."

A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS.

[This ballad illuſtrates the confuſion of the times by expoſing the various expedients of the Commons to make themſelves feared. In a ſimilar ſpirit, Marchmont Needham wrote, a few months later, in his *Mercurius Pragmaticus*:

"O goodly kirk that we have got
Of Loudon's information;
What thanks we owe unto the Scot
For our bleſt Reformation!

The Crown and Sceptre out of date,
The Mitre low doth lie;
While we are govern'd by a ſtate,
And hug Democracy.

We have no King, we are all kings,
And each doth do his pleaſure;
And therefore 'tis we act ſuch things,
And ſin beyond all meaſure.

When we have toil'd ourſelves in vain,
For to be rulers all,
We muſt entreat our Soveraign
For to be Principal!"]

WE have a King and yet no king,
For he hath loſt his power;
For 'gainſt his will his ſubjects are
Impriſon'd in the Tower.

We had ſome laws (but now no laws)
By which he held his crown;

And we had eſtates and liberties,
But now they're voted down.

We had religion, but of late,
That's beaten down with clubs;
Whilſt that profaneneſs authoriſ'd
Is belch'd forth in tubs.

We were free ſubjects born, but now
We are by force made ſlaves,
By ſome whom we did count our friends,
But in the end prov'd knaves.

And now to ſuch a grievous height
Are our misfortunes grown,
That our eſtates are took away,
By tricks before ne'er known.

For there are agents ſent abroad
Moſt humbly for to crave
Our alms; but if they are deny'd,
And of us nothing have;

Then by a vote *ex tempore*
We are to priſon ſent,
Mark'd with the name of enemy,
To King and Parliament;

And during our impriſonment,
Their lawleſs bulls do thunder,
A licence to their ſoldiers,
Our houſes for to plunder:

And if their hounds do chance to ſmell
A man whoſe fortunes are
Of ſome account, whoſe purſe is full,
Which now is ſomewhat rare;

A *monſter* now *delinquent** term'd,
He is declar'd to be,
And that his lands, as well as goods,
Sequeſter'd ought to be.

As if our priſons were too good,
He is to Yarmouth ſent,
By virtue of a warrant from
The King and Parliament.

Thus in our royal ſovereign's name,
And eke his power inſuf'd,
And by the virtue of the ſame,
He and all his abuſ'd.

* Thoſe who had been moſt noted for their adherence to the maxims of the Court or the principles of Laud were voted *delinquents*, and thereby kept in awe by the Commons, who, according as they conducted themſelves towards that irreſponſible body, could proſecute or leave them unmoleſted.

For by this means his caſtles now
Are in the power of thoſe,
Who treach'rouſly with might and main,
Do ſtrive him to depoſe.

Ariſe, therefore, bravé Britiſh men,
Fight for your King and State,
Againſt thoſe trait'rous men that ſtrive,
This realm to ruinate.

'Tis Pym, 'tis Pym*, and his colleagues,
That did our woe engender;
Nought but their lives can end our woes,
And us in ſafety render.

* John Pym, the noted parliamentarian, who died in 1643.

THE NEW LITANY.

[Satirical pieces in the form of a Litany originated, and were very common, in the times of the Rebellion. They were so constructed to give additional annoyance to the Puritans and Presbyterians, whose rabid opposition to all established forms, whether in matters pertaining to religion or the state, was invariably based on a plea of conscience. The *New Litany* exposes the tyranny and hypocrisy of the now "omnipotent" Parliament.]

ROM an extempore prayer and a godly ditty,
From the churlish government of a city,
From the power of a country committee *,
Libera nos, Domine.

From the Turk, the Pope, and the Scottish nation†,
From being govern'd by proclamation‡,
And from an old Protestant, quite out of fashion,
Libera, &c.

* During the war, the discretionary powers of the Country Committees were excused from a plea of necessity; but the nation was reduced to despair when it saw neither end put to their duration nor bounds to their authority. These committees could sequester, fine, imprison, and corporally punish, without law or remedy.

† The Scots, who had been summoned to the aid of the Parliament, committed depredations upon friend and foe alike.

‡ The King had prohibited, by proclamation (17th Oct. 1643), all commerce with London and other quarters of the Parliamentary forces.

From meddling with thoſe that are out of our reaches,
From a fighting prieſt, and a ſoldier that preaches,
From an ignoramus that writes, and a woman that teaches,
Libera, &c.

From the doctrine of depoſing of a king,
From the *Directory**, or any ſuch thing,
From a fine new marriage without a ring,
Libera, &c.

From a city that yields at the firſt ſummons,
From plund'ring goods, either man or woman's,
Or having to do with the Houſe of Commons,
Libera, &c.

From a ſtumbling horſe that tumbles o'er and o'er,
From uſhering a lady or walking before,
From an Engliſh-Iriſh Rebel †, newly come o'er,
Libera, &c.

---

* The *Directory* for the public worſhip of God, agreed upon by the Aſſembly of Divines at Weſtminſter, 1644, which was ſubſtituted for the book of *Common Prayer*. Of that famous Synod, Marchmont Needham, when a Royaliſt, wrote:

"Only one text may 'ſcape their hands,
Since they have ta'en ſuch pains:
To lay their lords in iron bands,
And bind their kings in chains!"

† The Earl of Thomond, who, when Lord Forbes was deſpatched to Munſter, was (ſays Ludlow) "unwilling to oppoſe the Engliſh intereſt, and no leſs to make the (Iriſh) rebels his enemies, choſe to withdraw himſelf into England." Though he bore offices under the Cromwells, yet he profeſſed all loyalty to the Stuarts.

From compounding, or hanging in a ſilken altar,
From oaths and covenants, and being pounded in a mortar,
From contributions, or free-quarter,
Libera, &c.

From mouldy bread, and muſty beer,
From a holiday's faſt and a Friday's cheer,
From a brother-hood, and a ſhe-cavalier *,
Libera, &c.

From Nick Neuter, for you, and for you,
From Thomas Turn-coat, that will never prove true,
From a reverend Rabbi that's worſe than a Jew,
Libera, &c.

From a Country-Juſtice that ſtill looks big,
From ſwallowing up the Italian fig,
Or learning of the Scottiſh jig,
Libera, &c.

From being taken in a diſguiſe,
From believing of the printed lies,
From the Devil and from the Exciſe †,
Libera, &c.

* Alluding, probably, to the warlike lady Anne, wife of Sir Wm. Ingleby, of Ripley, Yorkſhire, who accompanied her huſband throughout the civil war.

† The exciſe was one of the principal and moſt obnoxious taxes levied by the Long Parliament. It was firſt introduced in 1643, by

From a broken pate with a pint pot,
For fighting for I know not what,
And from a friend as falſe as a Scot,
Libera, &c.

From one that ſpeaks no ſenſe, yet talks all that he can,
From an old woman and a Parliament man,
From an Anabaptiſt and a Preſbyter man,
Libera, &c.

From Iriſh rebels and Welſh hubbub-men,
From Independents and their tub-men,
From ſheriffs' bailiffs, and their club-men,
Libera, &c.

From one that cares not what he ſaith,
From truſting one that never payeth,
From a private preacher and a public faith,
Libera, &c.

From a vapouring horſe and a Roundhead in buff,
From roaring Jack Cavee, with money little enough,
From beads and ſuch idolatrous ſtuff,
Libera, &c.

Pym, who (according to Marchmont Needham) borrowed the idea from Holland:

"Free-quarter is a tedious thing,
And ſo is the exciſe;
None can deliver us but the King
From this d—d Dutch device."

From holydays, and all that's holy,
From May-poles and fiddlers, and all that's jolly,
From Latin or learning, ſince that is folly,

Libera, &c.

And now to make an end of all,
I wiſh the Roundheads had a fall,
Or elſe were hanged in Goldſmiths' Hall*,
Amen.

Benedicat Dominus.

* Where the Royaliſts compounded for their eſtates.

THE PARLIAMENT.

BY Jo CLEVELAND.

[This is one of the bittereſt ſatires of John Cleveland (the firſt writer of eminence who eſpouſed the Royal cauſe), and is aimed againſt the Long Parliament, which met on the 3rd November, 1640. Its doings are thus ſummed up by Butler, in one of his earlieſt effuſions: —

"The Saints in maſquerade would have us
Sit quietly whilſt they enſlave us;
And, what is worſe, by lies and cants,
Would trick us to believe 'em ſaints;
And though by fines and ſequeſtration
They've pillaged and deſtroy'd the nation,
Yet ſtill they bawl for *Reformation*!"]

MOST Gracious and Omnipotent,
And Everlaſting Parliament,
Whoſe Power and Majeſty
Are greater than all kings by odds;
And to account you leſs than gods,
Muſt needs be blaſphemy.

Moſes and Aaron ne'er did do
More wonder than is wrought by you,
For England's Iſrael;
But though the Red Sea we have paſt,
If you to Canaan bring 's at laſt,
If't not a miracle — ?

In ſix years ſpace you have done more
Than all the Parliaments before;
You have quite done the work.
The King, the Cavalier, and Pope,
You have o'erthrown, and next we hope,
You will confound the Turk.

By you we have deliverance,
From the deſign of Spain and France,
Ormond, Montroſe, the Danes;
You, aided by our brethren Scots,
Defeated have malignant plots,
And brought your ſword to Cain's.

What wholeſome laws you have ordain'd,
Whereby our property's maintained,
'Gainſt thoſe would us undo;
So that our fortunes and our lives,
Nay, what is dearer, our own wives,
Are wholly kept by you.

Oh! what'a flouriſhing Church and State,
Have we enjoy'd e'er ſince you ſate,
With a glorious king (God ſave him!):
Have you now made his Majeſty,
Had he the grace but to comply,
And do as you would have him!

Your *Directory** how to pray
By the Spirit ſhows the perfect way;
In zeal you have aboliſht
The Dagon of the *Common Prayer*,
And next we ſee you will take care,
That Churches be demoliſht.

A multitude in every trade
Of painful preachers you have made,
Learn'd by Revelation;
Cambridge and Oxford made poor preachers,
Each ſhop affordeth better teachers —
O bleſſed Reformation!

Your godly wiſdom hath found out,
The true religion, without doubt;
For ſure among ſo many,
We have five hundred at the leaſt,
Is not the Goſpel much increaſt?
All muſt be pure if any.

Could you have done more piouſly
Than ſell Church lands† the king to buy,
And ſtop the City's plenty?

* See ante, p. 24.

† Epiſcopacy was aboliſhed by ordinance 9th Nov. 1646, and a Commiſſion appointed in the following year to proceed with the ſale of the biſhops' lands.

Paying the *Scots Church-militant*,
That the new Goſpel helpt to plant,
God knows they are poor ſaints!

Becauſe th' Apoſtle's creed is lame,
Th' Aſſembly doth a better frame,
Which ſaves us all with eaſe;
Provided ſtill we have the grace
To believe th' Houſe in the firſt place,
Our works be what they pleaſe.

'Tis ſtrange your power and holineſs
Can't the Iriſh devils diſpoſſeſs *,
His end is very ſtout:
But tho' you do ſo often pray,
And ev'ry month keep faſting day †,
You cannot caſt them out.

* Ireland was not finally ſubjugated by the Parliament till the year 1650.

† At the outbreak of the Rebellion a public faſt was appointed by Parliament for the laſt Wedneſday of every month; but ſhortly after the death of the king the obſervation of it was annulled by proclamation (23rd April, 1649).

THE ANARCHIE, OR THE BLESSED REFORMATION SINCE 1640.

BEING A NEW CAROL WHEREIN THE PEOPLE EXPRESS THEIR THANKS AND PRAY FOR THE REFORMERS.

To be ſaid or ſung of all the well-affected of the kingdom of England and dominion of Wales, before they eat any plum-broth at Chriſtmas.

To a rare new tune.

[Written by a loyaliſt about the period when Charles I. began to deſpair of ſucceſs in England, and meditated throwing himſelf into the arms of the Scotch, which he did in the ſpring of the year 1647. A curious broadſide of the day, entitled *The Mournfull Cryes of many thouſand poore Tradeſmen, who are ready to famiſh through the Decay of Trade; or, the warning Teares of the Oppreſſed*, contains a moſt lamentable account of the then ſtate of the country, and more particularly of the City, as well as an expoſure of the hot contentions between the various parliamentary ſections, and the cupidity of all. "O yee Parliament men, heare our dying cry, *Settle the Commonwealth! Settle the Commonwealth!* ſtrive not who ſhall be greateſt untill you bee all confounded!"]

NOW that, thanks to the Powers below,
We have e'en done our do,
The mitre is down,
And ſo is the crown,
And with them the coronet too;

Come clowns, and come boys,
Come hober-de-hoys,
Come females of each degree;
Stretch your throats, bring in your votes,
And make good the Anarchie.
And thus it ſhall go, ſays Alice,
Nay, thus it ſhall go, ſays Amy;
Nay, thus it ſhall go, ſays Taffy, I trow,
Nay, thus it ſhall go, ſays Jamy.

Ah! but the truth, good people all,
The truth is ſuch a thing,
For it would undo, both Church and State too,
And cut the throat of our King;
Yet not the Spirit, nor the new light,
Can make this point ſo clear,
But thou muſt bring out, thou deified rout,
What thing the truth is, and where.
Speak Abraham, ſpeak Keſter, ſpeak Judith, ſpeak Heſter,
Speak tag and rag, ſhort coat and long;
Truth's the ſpell made us rebel,
And murder and plunder, ding-dong.
Sure I have the truth, ſays Numph;
Nay, I ha' the truth, ſays Clemme;
Nay, I ha' the truth, ſays Reverend Ruth;
Nay, I ha' the truth, ſays Nem.

Well, let the truth be where it will,
We're ſure all elſe is our's;

Yet theſe diviſions in our religions,
May chance abate our pow'rs:
Then let's agree on ſome one way,
It ſkills not much how true;
Take Prynne * and his clubs, or Say * and his tubs,
Or any ſect, old or new;
The Devil's i' th' pack, if choice you can lack,
We're fourſcore religions ſtrong,
Take your choice, the major voice
Shall carry it, right or wrong:
Then we'll be of this, ſays Megg;
Nay, we'll be of that, ſays Tibb;
Nay, we'll be all, ſays pitiful Paul;
Nay, we'll be of none, ſays Gibb.

Neighbours and friends, pray one word more,
There's ſomething yet behind;
And wiſe though you be, you do not well ſee,
In which door ſits the wind.
As for poor Religion, to ſpeak right,
And in the Houſe's ſenſe,
The matter's all one to have any or none,
If 'twere not for the pretence:
But herein doth lurk the key of the work,
Even to diſpoſe of the crown,

* The celebrated Wm. Prynne and Lord Say and Sele, the latter of whom was at one time as ſtaunch a republican as the other was a Puritan.

Dexterouſly, and as may be
For your behoof in our own.
Then let's ha' King Charles, ſays George;
Nay, let's have his ſon, ſays Hugh;
Nay, let's ha' none, ſays jabbering John;
Nay, let's be all kings, ſays Prue.

Oh! we ſhall have (if we go on
In plunder, excise, and blood)
But few folks and poor to dominion o'er,
And that will not be ſo good:
Then let's reſolve on ſome new way,
Some new and happy courſe;
The country's grown ſad, the city born mad,
And both Houſes are worſe.
The Synod has writ, the General hath—
And both to like purpoſe too;
Religion, laws, the truth, the Cauſe,
Are talkt of, but nothing we do.
Come, come, ſhall 's ha' peace, ſays Nell;
No, no, but we won't, ſays Madge;
But I ſay we will, ſays fiery-faced Phill;
We will and we won't, ſays Hadge.

Thus from the rout who can expect
Ought but diviſion;
Since Unity doth with Monarchy,
Begin and end in One.

If then when all is thought their own,
And lies at their beheſt;
Theſe popular pates reap nought but debates,
From that many Round-headed beaſt.
Come Royaliſts then, do you play the men,
And Cavaliers give the word;
Now let's ſee, at what you would be,
And whether you can accord.
A health to King Charles, ſays Tom;
Up with it, ſays Ralph, like a man;
God bleſs him, ſays Doll; and raiſe him, ſays Moll;
And ſend him his own, ſays Nan.

Now for thoſe prudent Things that ſit
Without end, and to none;
And their committees, that towns and cities
Fill with confuſion;
For the bold troops of ſectaries,
The Scots and their partakers;
Our new Britiſh States, Col Burges * and his mates,
The Covenant and its makers:
For all theſe we'll pray, and in ſuch a way,
As if it might granted be;
Jack and Gill, and Mat and Will,
And all the world would agree.

* Dr. Cornelius Burges, lecturer at Paul's, London; at one time chaplain to Charles I., and afterwards a zealous penſionary of the Parliament.

A p—x take them all, ſays Beſs;
And a plague, too, ſays Margery;
... The Devil, ſays Dick; and his dam, too, ſays Nick;
Amen, and Amen, ſay I.

☞ It is deſired that the knights and burgeſſes would take eſpecial care to ſend down full numbers hereof to their reſpective counties and boroughs, for which they have ſerved apprenticeſhip, that all the people may rejoice as one man for their freedom.

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S COMING TO HOLMBY.

[This ballad was written after Charles I. was ſold and delivered to the Engliſh Commiſſioners by the Scotch, and conveyed by the former to Holmby Houſe, Northamptonſhire, en route for Newmarket (16th Feb. 1647.)]

OLD out, brave Charles, and thou ſhalt win
the field,
Thou canſt not loſe thyſelf, unleſs thou yield
On ſuch conditions as will force thy hand
To give away thy ſceptre, crown, and land;
And what is worſe to hazard by thy fall,
To loſe a greater crown more worth
than all.

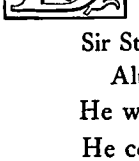
Thy poor diſtreſſed Cavaliers rejoiced,
To hear thy Royal reſolution voiced,
And are content far more poor to be
Than yet they are, ſo it reflects from thee:
Thou art our Sovereign ſtill, in ſpite of hate,
Our zeal is to thy *perſon*, not thy *ſtate*.

We are not ſo ambitious to deſire
Our drooping fortunes to be mounted higher,
And thou ſo great a monarch, to our grief,
Muſt ſue unto thy ſubjects for relief:
And when they ſet, and long debate about it,
Muſt either ſtay their time, or go without it.

No, ſacred Prince, thy friends eſteem thee more
In thy diſtreſſes than ere they did before;
And though their wings be clipt, their wiſhes fly
To Heaven by millions for a freſh ſupply:
That as thy cauſe was ſo betrayed by *men*,
It may by *angels* be reſtored agen.

THE MEMBERS' JUSTIFICATION.

[On the 23rd June, 1647, the army preſented itſelf before Weſtminſter, and charged with high treaſon Denzil, Holles, Glyn, Waller, and eight more of the leading Preſbyterians, and inſiſted upon their being expelled the House. The obnoxious members accordingly withdrew; and the greater number of them, ſuſpecting the intentions of their opponents, quitted the kingdom, and ſought a refuge in Holland and elſewhere.]



EN HOLLIS is a gallant man,
And was for them too crafty;
What he pretended for the king,
Was for the members' ſafety.

Sir Stapleton's * a firm brave boy,
Although his ſpouſe is courtly,
He went to York, and labor's loſt,
He could not bring Frank Wortley.†
The Parliament hath ſitten cloſe,
As ere did knight in ſaddle;
For they have ſitten full ſix years,
And now their eggs prove addle.

* Sir Philip Stapleton, M.P. for Heydon, Yorkſhire. He was one of thoſe that fled, and died of the plague ſhortly afterwards at Calais.

† Sir F. Wortley, Bart. of Wortley, Yorkſhire, a ſtout Royaliſt, then a priſoner in the Tower.

Brave Fairfax did himſelf beſiege
Poor Frank, and him hath undone,
Yet loſt more men in taking him,
Than he did taking London:
Now whither is Will Waller gone?*
To ſea with Prince-Elector;
Will he forſake his lady ſo,
And leave her no protector?
The Parliament, &c.

Jack Maynard† is a loyal blade,
Yet blind as any beetle;
He purchaſes the biſhops' lands,
Yet ſcarce can ſee Paul's ſteeple.
Both Glyn and Harlow‡ are for Wales,
And Lewis§ for his madams;
Theſe Britons will not change their bloods
With Noah's, or ſcarce with Adam's.
The Parliament, &c.

* Sir William Waller, the well-known Parliament general; he was one of thoſe who fled his country.

† Sir John Maynard, with Jo. Glynn, M.P. for Caernarvon, Serjeant-at-arms, and Recorder of London, remained behind. They were both committed to the Tower, on the charge of high treaſon, in the following September.

‡ Col. Edw. Harley (not Harlow), M.P. for Herefordſhire, and brother to Sir Robt. Harley.

§ Sir Wm. Lewis, M.P. for Petersfield, Hants. He fled over ſea.

Clotworthy * is a zealous man,
Yet hath his purſe well lined;
So hath Wat Long† yet he's, we know,
Religiouſly inclined:
But Nichols ‡ is for Pluto's court,
In inqueſt of his father,
Or his uncle Pym, there he found,
Stroud, Hampden, Pym, together.
The Parliament, &c.

Theſe three have Pluto's Mercury ſent,
And wonder they prove ſuch men,
To make three kingdoms one poor State,
And do it worſe than Dutchmen.
Their Synod § now ſits in great fear,
And ſo does Jack Preſbyter ‖,
That we ſhall have a king again,
And once more ſee a mitre.
Yet they have ſitten wondrous cloſe,
As ere did knight in ſaddle,
For they have ſitten full ſeven years,
And now their eggs prove addle.

* Sir John Clotworthy alſo paſſed out of the kingdom. He it was who framed the charge againſt the unfortunate Earl of Strafford. He was one of the Commiſſioners to treat with the over-bearing army.

† Walter Long, M.P. for Bath; he accompanied Hollis and Sir P. Stapleton to France.

‡ Anthony Nichols, M.P. for Boſſiney, Cornwall; he was arreſted while attempting to put to ſea.

§ The Synod for the Suppreſſion of Blaſphemies, &c.

‖ The proverbial name of the Preſbyterian party.

THE CRYES OF WESTMINSTER;

Or a Whole Pack of Parliamentary Knavery Opened and Set to Sale.

[This ſcurrilous broadſide was publiſhed 22nd Feb., 1647, when the Parliament, having finally triumphed over the King, and ſecured him in the Iſle of Wight, diſguſted the moderate party by ſtrictly prohibiting (17th Jan.) all communication with him. As a palliation of their conduct they publiſhed their famous Declaration (15th Feb.), which afterwards ſerved as a model for the impeachment of Charles in their High Court of Juſtice. At no period during the Rebellion were ſo many ballads and pamphlets publiſhed againſt the dominant powers as at this. In vain the Parliament ordered them to be burned by the hand of the common hangman, and offered rewards for the discovery of their authors. *The Cryes of Weſtminſter*, which was included, doubtleſs, amongſt thoſe juſt referred to, is abſolutely decent compared with *The Parliament's Ten Commandments*, *A New Teſtament of our Lords and Saviours the Houſe of Commons*, &c. &c.]

COME, cuſtomers, come: Pray ſee what you lack,
Here's Parliament wares of all ſorts in my pack.

Who buys any Parliament Privileges—
My new Privileges?

'Twill teach you many pretty things,
And raiſe you above gods and kings.
Theſe are the cryes of Weſtminſter,
That are heard both far and near,
But a while, I pray, ſtand by,
And you ſhall hear another cry.

Who buys the Parliament's Declaration againſt
the King? New, new, new.
'Twill ſurely unblind your eyes,
That you may read a hundred lies.
Thus goe the cryes of Weſtminſter, &c.

Buy a new Ordinance to repair Churches:
A new Ordinance: New, new, new.
The Achans now reſtore the pledge,
To ſave their ſaintſhips' ſacrilege.
Thus goe the cryes of Weſtminſter, &c.

Buy a new Ordinance of the Commons
againſt ſtage-players *: *New-lye* printed, and
New-lye come forth.
Saints now alone muſt *act* for riches,
The plot outſmells old Atkins' † breeches.
Thus goe the cryes of Weſtminſter, &c.

* On 22nd Jan., 1647, all ſtage-plays were ſuppreſſed "for the future," and the mayor and other magiſtrates ordered "to take down all boxes and ſeats" in the theatres.

† Sir John Atkins, the puritanic alderman (and ſubſequently lord mayor) of London. Few of his contemporaries were more ſeverely "balladed" than this unfortunate individual.

Buy a new Ordinance of the Commons. That none
ſhall make any more Addreſſes* to the King, or
... receive any Meſſage from him, upon pain of
High-treaſon, Impriſonment, Death, or Plun-
dering: But when theſe ſhall ſwing in a ſtring,
true ſubjects will obey their King.
Challoner, Mildmay, Martin, Veine,
Are ſitting of their crowns to reigne.
Thus goe the cryes of Weſtminſter, &c.

Buy a new plot, found out by Sir John Wray †,
to blow up the Thames, or the city to betray,
'tis as true as all the reſt, before ne'er known by
man or beaſt.
'Twill keep you ſtill in jealouſies and fears,
And ſet you altogether by the ears.
Thus goe the cryes of Weſtminſter, &c.

---

* 17th Jan., 1647. "Reſolved, &c. By the Lords and Commons aſſembled in Parliament, that the perſon or perſons that ſhall make breach of this order [*i. e.* by addreſſing the King] ſhall incur the penalty of high treaſon."

† Sir John Wray, of Glentworth, Bart., who made himſelf extremely ridiculous by his conſtant fear of plots by the Jeſuits and others. The ſatiriſt here probably alludes to the baronet's characteriſtic conduct about this time, when an overcrowded bench in the Houſe ſuddenly gave way with a loud craſh, and precipitated ſeveral members to the floor, and Sir John, by ſhouting out that "*he ſmelt gunpowder*," added greatly to the confuſion of the scene.

Buy the four Bills ſent by the Parliament.
from Selden * and my Lady Kent; after long debate of this bleſſed Parliament; who buys the Four bills here.† Great Charles he will not betray his truſt unto ſuch as they; his honor's ſtill intire, his conſcience tried nine times i' th' fire, the Devil give all his foes their hire, and raiſe them toward Heaven above a halter higher.
Let all the people ſay, Amen,
For we ſhall ne'er have peace till then.
Thus goe the cryes of Weſtminſter, &c.

Who buys any biſhops' houſes, or their goods, books, houſe-hold ſtuff or hoods; here are good paſture grounds, corn, hay, and graſs in all our rounds, if it be not good the Devil confounds. Amen.
May all the trees to gibbets turn,
Or firing make to hang or burn.
Thus goe the cryes of Weſtminſter, &c.

* The learned John Selden, ſolicitor and ſteward of the Earl of Kent, whoſe lady was a great patron of literature and learning, and therefore the friend of Selden.

† The four bills propoſed for the King's aſſent, namely, thoſe relating to the Great Seal, Honours and Titles, Abolition of Epiſcopacy, and Declarations and Proclamations againſt the Parliament.

Have you any old arrears for the army, I'll give you tickets for 'em; have you any ſubſidies, poll-money, loans, or contributions; have you any plate, horſe, or arms, old bodkins or thimbles, or wedding-rings *, have ye any: Have you any more Iriſh adventures for ſale of lands †, or a trick for one meal a-week. City Loans have you any; or Aſſeſſments for the Scotts; have you any Five-and twenty parts, weekly or monthly aſſeſſments for Eſſex, Fairfax, Mancheſter's, the Scots, or Iriſh army. Free-quarter have you any. Have you any of his Majeſty's Revenue to ſell, old ſequeſtrations or plunder; have you any more Exciſe, or Fortification money, or fines for delinquents,

* The women were zealous contributors to the Parliamentary cauſe, and poured into the common treaſury of war (1647) their earrings, ſilver ſpoons, thimbles and bodkins; "inſomuch (ſays May, *Parl. Hiſt.*) that it was a common jeer of men diſaffected to the Cauſe to call it the Thimble and Bodkin Army." So Butler: —

> "Women, who were our firſt apoſtles,
> Without whoſe aid w' had all been loſt elſe;
> Women, that left no ſtone unturn'd
> In which *The Cauſe* might be concern'd,
> Brought in their children's ſpoons and whiſtles
> To purchaſe ſwords, carbines, and piſtols."
>
> *Hudi.* Part II. c. ii.

† Alluding to the ſale of the rebels' lands in Ireland.

compoſitions, &c., or a new Ordinance for
400,000*l.* the month.
This is our *liberty* for to pay
The ſaints that now King Charles betray.
Thus goe the cryes of Weſtminſter,
That are heard both far and near,
For a while I pray ſtand by,
And you will hear another cry.

THE SECOND PART.

(To the same tune.)

MY new Articles of Faith*, who buys the Parliament's New Faith? You may ſee by their WORKS, they are worſe than Jews or Turks; let their faith be what it will, their religion is to kill.
Thus goe the cryes, &c.

Who buys any Parliament jugglings of the neweſt faſhion? *Hocus Pocus* never ſhew'd more to cheat the nation, here is a

* The *Confeſſion of Faith* ſet forth by the Aſſembly of Divines, and confirmed by an ordinance of Parliament.

trick, by Martin's ring, shall ſuddenly depoſe
a king; Tom * ſhews you a pretty trick alſo,
and at New-Market and St. Albans tells us
what he means to doe: Truſty Thomas thus
keeps his promise with his king; grace for-
ſake him, Devil take him, may all ſuch false
knaves ſwing.

Thus goe the cryes, &c.

Who buys the army's propoſals†; cuſto-
mers pray draw near, the Devil in his pack
had ne'er ſuch gear; Here's Cromwell's mas-
ter-piece, 'twill blind your eyes, and fill
your head with fifteen-hundred lyes.

Thus goe the cryes, &c.

Here's a fine Order, was the like ever ſeen,
ſhall murder all that love their King or
Queen, a knot of ſuch traitorous

* Sir Thos. Fairfax, who (11th Feb. 1647) met the King on his way to Holmby, and diſcourſed with him on public affairs. Charles having obſerved, after the interview, "that the General was a man of honour, and kept his word with him," the royaliſts haſtily concluded that Fairfax had promiſed to reſtore the King, deſpite the oppoſition of the Independents.

† Referring to the many propoſals for diſbanding the army, now that the war had terminated in the defeat and captivity of the King. The army, however, refuſed to diſband until it had received the long arrears of pay due to it, as well as an indemnity for all acts done during the late ſtruggles.

Regicides were ſurely never ſeen, as Challoner, Mildmay, Martin, and Veine, all Parliament kings, that over us reigne: They are all glutted with their fellow-ſubjects' blood, and yet pretend their good, but pray let it be underſtood, for all Burley's * blood, before Jenkins † ſhall die, a hundred thouſand in the City of London will try, to make Martin, and all ſuch rogues to fly.

Theſe be the cryes of London town,
Some go up ſtreet, ſome goes down,
But a while I pray ſtand by,
And you will hear another cry.

A new Ordinance, pray come and buy,
to eſtabliſh the Preſbytery ‡; what Religion

* Capt. Burley, who was hung for attempting to reſcue the King whilſt a priſoner in Cariſbrook Caſtle.

† David Jenkins, one of the Welſh judges, who was charged with high treaſon for publiſhing his *Lex Terræ* (1647), in which he denied the authority and expoſed the tyranny of the Long Parliament:

"Thoſe who have writ for the King, the good King,
Be it rhyme or reaſon,
If they pleaſe but to look
Through Jenkins's book,
They'll hardly find it treaſon."

Sir Francis Wortley.

‡ Alluding to the ordinance, paſſed by both Houſes in January, for dividing the kingdom into "diſtinct claſſical preſbyteries," and "congregational elderſhips."

next, puts me beyond my text? If this won't pleaſe you, ſee another, pray Sir try, for I ... have a hundred more here in my pack for you to buy.

Theſe be the cryes, &c

Who buys a new Order, to new dip the King's ſhips, and to their eternal fames, give them all new names; the Parliament's ſhips forſooth; the *Royal Sovereign* muſt be the *Royal Traitor*, the *Prince*, the Parliament *Pinck*, and the whole Fleet the Parliament's navy. O brave Pirates! whither are ye bound, let croſs winds toſs you, whilſt you all are drown'd.

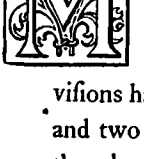
Thus to the world they make it known,
Crown, ſceptre, ſhips, and ALL's your own.

Theſe be the cryes, &c.

Who buys a new petition from Taunton, that the Devil brought the laſt great wind, and the traitors now vaunt on. New, new, new; but as falſe as God is true, and ſo ye juggling devils all adieu.

Thus goe the cryes, &c.

An Execration to all that hate King Charles.



AY God forſake ye, may the Devil take ye, may diſease eat up your bones, conſume your rotten members, may the palſie ſhake your hands and heads, and bloody viſions haunt your beds; all Egypt's plagues, and two times more, wait on you all at either door; may all your wives turn arrant jades, and you live upon their trades; may the gout be in your toes, and no end be to your woes; may no ſurgeon hear your moans, and all your joys be ſighs and groans; may the running of the reins, or the quinzy ſeize your brains; may the tooth-ache and the fever, to plague you ſtill do their endeavour; may the ſtrangullion be your beſt friend, and ne'er forſake you till your end; may you be the People's ſcorn, and curſe the hour that you were born; May Bedlam or Bridewell be all the houſe you have to dwell; may your children's children beg from door to door, and all their kindred, may they ſtill be poor; may a guilty conſcience ſtill affright ye, and no earthly joys delight ye; may you have aches in

your rotten bones, gravel in your kidneys, as well as ſtones; may your daughters turn out bad, and their fathers go clean mad; may they never ſleep in quiet, and fear poiſon in their diet; may they never ſorrow lack, and ſo the Pedlar ſhuts his Pack. Only when they die ('cauſe they were never true), when that their ſouls depart, Devil claim thy due!

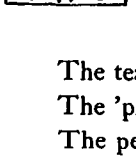
Printed in a Hollow-tree for the good of the State.
[22nd Feb. 1647.]

I THANK YOU TWICE;

OR,

THE CITY COURTING THEIR OWN RUIN,
THANK THE PARLIAMENT TWICE FOR THEIR TREBLE UNDOING.

[This broadſide was publiſhed, according to Thomaſon, on the 21ſt Auguſt, 1647. It expoſes the arbitrary meaſures of the Long Parliament.]



HE hierarchy is out of date;
Our monarchy was ſick of late;
But now 'tis grown an excellent ſtate:
Oh, God a-mercy, Parliament!

The teachers knew not what to ſay;
The 'prentices have leave to play*;
The people have all forgotten to pray:
Still, God a-mercy, Parliament!

* All the old feſtive days having been aboliſhed by the fanatical Puritans, the London apprentices beſtirred themſelves, in the year 1647, and clamoured loudly for the reſtitution of their time-honoured rights. This movement reſulted in the publication of an Ordinance by which the ſecond Tueſday in every month was appointed to be kept generally as a holiday.

The Roundhead and the Cavalier
Have fought it out almoſt ſeven year,
And yet, methinks, they are never the near:
Oh, God, &c.

The gentry are ſequeſtered all;
Our wives you find at Goldſmith Hall,
For there they meet with the devil and all *:
Still, God, &c.

The Parliament are grown to that height,
They care not a pin what his Majeſty ſaith;
And they pay all their debts with the public faith;
Oh, God, &c.

Though all we have here is brought to nought,
In Ireland we have whole lordſhips bought †,
There we ſhall one day be rich, 'tis thought:
Still, God, &c.

* Alluding to the diſtreſſing ſcenes that were daily witneſſed in Goldſmiths' Hall, where the Committee of Sequeſtration ſat, and the wives and widows, with their children, of the unfortunate royaliſts were aſſembled, and petitioned "the Saints" in vain for a portion of the property of which the latter had deſpoiled them.

† The rebels' lands in Ireland were confiſcated and put to ſale at low rates, as an inducement to the Engliſh to ſettle in that country.

We muſt forſake our father and mother,
And for the ſtate undo our own brother,
And never leave murthering one another:
Oh, God, &c.

Now the King is caught, and the devil is dead;
Fairfax muſt be diſbanded *,
Or elſe he may chance be Hotham-ed.†
Still, God, &c.

They have made King Charles a glorious king;
He was told, long ago, of ſuch a thing;
Now he and his ſubjects have reaſon to ſing
Oh, God a-mercy, Parliament!

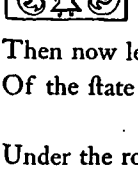
---

* Parliament had juſt voted the diſbanding of the army.

† Sir John Hotham and his ſon were executed in January, 1645, for correſponding with the King relative to the ſurrender of Hull to the latter.

PRATTLE YOUR PLEASURE (UNDER THE ROSE).

[This ſarcaſtic ſong againſt the irreſponſible Parliament is ſubſcribed "Mr. Finis," and dated "Mr. An. Dom. 1647." Whilſt it expoſes the peculative doings of the Parliamentary Committees, it teſtifies at the ſame time how completely the people were cowed into ſubmiſſion and ſilence by the ſword.],



HERE is an old proverb which all the world knows,
Anything may be ſpoke, if 't be under the roſe.
Then now let us ſpeak, whilſt we are in the hint,
Of the ſtate of the land, and th' enormities in 't.

Under the roſe be it ſpoke, there is a number of knaves,
More than ever were known in a ſtate before;
But I hope that their miſchiefs have digg'd their own graves,
And we'll never truſt knaves for their ſakes any more.

Under the roſe be it ſpoken, the City's an aſs.
So long to the public to let their gold run,
To keep the King out; but 'tis now come to paſs,
I am ſure they will loſe, whoſoever has won.

Under the roſe be it ſpoken, there's a company of men,
Trainbands* they are call'd — a plague confound 'em —
And when they are waiting at Weſtminſter Hall,
May their wives be beguil'd and begat with child all!

Under the roſe be it ſpoken, there's a damn'd committee,
Sits in hell (Goldſmith's Hall †) in the midſt of the City,
Only to ſequeſter the poor Cavaliers —
The Devil take their ſouls, and the hangman their ears.

Under the roſe be it ſpoke, if you do not repent
Of that horrible ſin, your pure Parliament;
Pray ſtay till Sir Thomas ‡ doth bring in the King,
Then Derrick § may chance have 'em all in a ſtring.

Under the roſe be it ſpoke, let the Synod now leave
To wreſt the whole Scripture, how ſouls to deceive;
For all they have ſpoke or taught will ne'er ſave 'em,
Unleſs they will leave that fault, hell's ſure to have 'em!

---

* The trainbands of the City had been drawn out to ſupport the Preſbyterian intereſt.

† The Committee of Sequeſtration ſat in Goldſmiths' Hall.

‡ Vide note, p. 49.

§ The common hangman.

THE OLD PROTESTANT'S LITANY.

AGAINST ALL SECTARIES
AND THEIR DEFENDANTS,
BOTH PRESBYTERIANS
AND INDEPENDENTS.

[The imprint of this broadside intimates that it was published in "the year of Hope, 1647," and Thomason, the collector, has added the precise date, namely, the 7th of September. The close of this memorable year was spent in intrigue and negociation. The Presbyterians, supported by the Covenanters, were struggling to establish an oligarchical ascendancy in themselves against the increasing influence of the Independents. Charles secretly corresponded, in turn, with the two former factions, and indulged hopes of uniting them to the Irish Catholics, whom he contemplated bringing over to his assistance. The King's duplicity lost him the confidence of all. The Independents, by means of the army, having obtained the mastery over the Presbyterians, shortly afterwards proceeded to remove the only remaining obstacle to their entire supremacy. The ballad illustrates the confusion arising from so many conflicting interests in the State.]

THAT thou wilt be pleas'd to grant our requests,
And quite to destroy all the vipers' nests,
That England and her true religion molests
Te rogamus audi nos.

That thou wilt be pleas'd to censure with pity
The present estate of our once famous city;
Let her still be govern'd by men just and witty;
Te rogamus, &c.

That thou wilt be pleaſ'd to conſider the Tower,
And all other priſons in the Parliament's power,
Where King Charles his friends find their welcome but
four;

Te rogamus, &c.

That thou wilt be pleaſ'd to look on the grief
Of the King's old ſervants, and ſend them relief,
Reſtore to the Yeomen o' th' Guard chines of beef;

Te rogamus, &c.

That thou wilt be pleaſ'd very quickly to bring
Unto his juſt rights our ſo much wrong'd King,
That he may be happy in everything;

Te rogamus, &c.

That Whitehall may ſhine in its priſtine luſtre,
That the Parliament may make a general muſter,
That knaves may be puniſh'd by men who are juſter;

Te rogamus, &c.

That now the dog-days are fully expir'd,
That thoſe curſed curs, which our patience have tired,
May ſuffer what is by true juſtice required;

Te rogamus, &c.

That thou wilt be pleaſ'd to incline conqu'ring Thomas *
(Who now hath both City and Tower gotten from us)
That he may be juſt in performing his promiſe;
Te rogamus, &c.

That our hopeful Prince and our gracious Queen
(Whom we here in England long time have not ſeen)
May ſoon be reſtor'd to what they have been;
Te rogamus, &c.

That the reſt of the Royal iſſue may be
From their Parliamentary guardians ſet free†,
And be kept according to their high degree;
Te rogamus, &c.

That our ancient Liturgy may be reſtor'd,
That the organs (by ſectaries ſo much abhorr'd)
May ſound divine praiſes, according to the Word;
Te rogamus, &c.

That the ring in marriage, the croſs at the font,
Which the Devil and the Roundheads so much affront,
May be uſ'd again, as before they were wont;
Te rogamus, &c.

* Sir Thomas Fairfax entered London, at the head of the army, 6th Auguſt, 1647, and was appointed Governor of the Tower. Both the Parliament and City were now completely at the mercy of his troops, who, on the day following their entry, wantonly damaged many of the public buildings, &c.

† The royal children were at this time under the Duke of Northumberland's care at Sion Houſe; it had not yet been propoſed to apprentice the Princeſs Elizabeth to a button-maker.

That Epiſcopacy, uſ'd in its right kind,
In England once more entertainment may find,
That Scots and lewd factions may go down the wind;
Te rogamus, &c.

That thou wilt be pleaſ'd again to reſtore
All things in due order, as they were before,
That the Church and the State may be vex'd no more;
Te rogamus, &c.

That all the King's friends may enjoy their eſtates,
And not be kept, as they have been, at low rates,
That the poor may find comfort again at their gates;
Te rogamus, &c.

That thou wilt all our oppreſſions remove,
And grant us firm faith and hope, join'd with true love,
Convert or confound all which virtue reprove;
Te rogamus, &c.

That all peeviſh Sects that would live uncontroll'd,
And will not be govern'd as all ſubjects ſhould,
T' New England may pack*, or live quiet i' th' Old;
Te rogamus, &c.

* Charles' ſubjects, as well as himſelf, had occaſion to regret that the leading Puritans were not ſuffered to depart, according to their deſire, for New England, before the breaking out of the civil war. Of the many ſatirical ſongs of the period, referring to the "religious

That gracious King Charles, with his children and wife,
Who long time have ſuffer'd thro' this civil ſtrife,
May end with high honour this natural life;
Te rogamus, &c.

That they who have ſeiz'd on honeſt men's treaſure *,
Only for their loyalty to God and to Cæſar,
May in time convenient find meaſure for meaſure;
Te rogamus, &c.

---

liberty" enjoyed by the emigrants to that colony, the following is, perhaps, unſurpaſſed for its sarcaſm and wit:—

New England is preparing a-pace,
To entertain King Pym, with his grace,
And Iſaac before ſhall carry the mace:
For Roundheads Old Nick ſtand up now!

No ſurplice, nor no organs there,
Shall ever offend the eye or the ear;
But a ſpiritual preach, with a three-hours pray'r;
For Roundheads, &c.

All things in zeal ſhall there be carried,
Without any porredge read over the buried,
No croſſing of infants, nor rings for the married:
For Roundheads, &c.

The ſwearer there ſhall puniſh'd be ſtill,
But drunkenneſſ private be counted no ill,
Yet both kinds of lying as much as you will:
For Roundheads, &c.

Blow winds, hoiſt ſails, and let us begone,
But be ſure we take our plunder along,
That Charles may find little when as he doth come.
For Roundheads, &c.

* The ſum of 300,000*l.* raiſed upon the eſtates of the Royaliſts, was appropriated excluſively to their own uſe by the parliamentary committees at this period.

That thou all theſe bleſſings upon us wilt ſend,
We are no *Independents*, on Thee we depend,
And as we believe, from all harm us defend;

Te rogamus, &c.

THE CITIES WELCOME TO COLONEL RICH AND COLONEL BAXTER,

WITH THEIR SOLEMN INVITATION TO THE SAINTED COMMANDERS OF THE ARMY, TO COME AND QUARTER AMONGST THEM.

[Compoſed when Fairfax, having reduced all the King's garriſons, returned in triumph to London, with part of his army, and took up his quarters at Whitehall.]

IF we may dare to ſay
That you moſt welcome are,
Moſt holy, holy colonels,
Great Moguls of the war:
Our bleſſed Parliament,
Moſt wiſely for you ſent,
Your forces near to draw
For to keep us in awe.

For we are ſure to be
Your vaſſals and your ſlaves,
And 'tis but juſtice, we confeſs,
That knaves ſhould ſtoop to knaves:

We were the firſt that ſtrove,
Such was our zealous love;
We are the laſt ſhall ſmart,
But you ſhall bear a part.

Therefore come with fife and drum,
Ye army that are ſainted;
And quarter here amongſt us,
We long to be acquainted:
Oh 't will be very brave
Free-quarter here to have;
Each houſe turn'd to an inn,
What wonders then begin?

Hewſon, we have been to thee,
Ere now obliged much,
For ſhoes which thou haſt ſold us,
Therefore we ſhall not grutch.
Col. Hewson, a shoemaker.

Pride, thee we ſhall not jeer,
Thou ever brought 's good beer,
Meaſure thou didſt allow,
We'd liquor thee, I vow.
Col. Pride, sometime a drayman.

Okey, thou haſt ere now,
Before we were ſuch noddies,
Although thou ſtoleſt half in half,
Made garments for our bodies.
Col. Okey, a tailor.

Staines, pray thou be not miſt, Staines, a cozening alchymiſt.
Who art an alchymiſt;
When we have ſpent our ſtore,
Thy ſtone will help to more.

Watſon, thee I long to ſee, Watson, a clipper.
By God, and by the Hallowes,
We are glad that for embating coin,
Thou lately 'ſcap'ſt the gallows.
Come, Lambert, there's a crew Lambert, a dipper.
Would be baptized anew;
Come with thy troops to town,
Help maids and wives to drown.

Oliver, we thee prefer, King Cromwell.
To guide theſe boys unto us,
Thou art the king of our new ſtate,
And worthy to undo us.
Thy noſe and fiery face,
Speak thee a babe of grace,
And moſt regenerate,
As ſack did e'er create.

There's no ſuch thing as Charles our King,
We here renounce him ever;
We'll have no king but thee, ſweet Noll,
Or Tom *, that glorious feather:

* Sir Thomas (afterwards Lord) Fairfax, Commander-in-chief of the Parliamentary Forces.

Our houſes we'll prepare
For thy brave men of war,
Our wives we will adorn—
He's happy wears the horn.

Don't you believe we will deceive
Our truſt, or the leaſt harm you;
Or that we will a riſing make,
And then by force diſarm you:
Or that when as you ſleep,
We'll on your faces peep;
And for to gain your coats,
Moſt wiſely cut your throats.

You cannot ſure but be ſecure
'Mongſt us that firſt did raiſe you;
Who have allow'd you conſtant pay,
And evermore did praiſe you:
Do you not fear to venter
Amongſt us for to enter;
You know the Danes thriv'd well
Until the dismal knell.*

Alas, you know the caſe is ſo,
We now muſt be content
To ſmart for our baſe follies;
Our truſty Parliament

* Alluding to the general maſſacre of the Danes by order of Ethelred II., 13th November, 1002.

(And you) have jointly now agreed
To prey on all we have;
But yet, by God, we'll break the rod,
And fight, our goods to ſave

The Scottiſh nation are out of faſhion,
You have no farther need,
But Jocky is reſolved
To come on this ſide Tweed:
They'll now not be content
To have their money* ſent;
They'll come themſelves and ſtrain,
And then come back again.

But firſt, thoſe men accurſt
That have abuſ'd their King,
They mean to call to an account
For their good governing:
Say muſt no longer rule,
Nor Martin, that ſame mule;
And all the holy flock
Muſt taſte the chopping block.

Whitehall now, I know not how,
Is topſy-turvy turn'd;
The thimble-makers'† bonny-boys
Have private manſions ſcorn'd:

* The purchaſe-money of King Charles, namely, 200,000*l.*
† Vide *p.* 47.

King's houſes only be
Fit for our ſoldiery;
Parliament, army, all
Are Kings in general.

Come then, dear brethren,
And fortify the city;
All that is in't we know is yours,
Yet pray ſhow us ſome pity:
Or rather be ſo wiſe
To follow this advice,
Keep yourſelves where you are,
For we your mart ſhall mar.

THE PURITAN.

BY JOHN CLEVELAND.

[This ballad has been ſometimes attributed to Samuel Butler, but it is to be found in the earlieſt editions of the poetical works of John Cleveland, who no doubt was the real author of it. The ignorance, vulgarity, fanaticiſm, and, above all, the ridiculous appearance of the Puritan preachers, were fertile themes for the wits of the age. Lucy Hutchinſon, in the life of her huſband, the Colonel, obſerves: "Every ſtage, and every table, and every puppet-play, belched forth profane ſcoffs upon the Puritans; the drunkards made them their ſongs; and all fiddlers and mimics learned to abuſe them, as finding it the moſt gameful way of fooling." Butler's "Roundhead" is quite as characteriſtic as Cleveland's "Puritan," and well worth repetition,—at leaſt, the firſt four ſtanzas of it:—

What creature's that, with his ſhort hairs,
His little band, and huge long ears,
That this new faith hath founded?
The ſaints themſelves were never ſuch,
The prelates ne'er ruled half ſo much;
O! ſuch a rogue's a Roundhead.

What's he that doth the biſhops hate,
And counts their calling reprobate,
'Cauſe by the Pope propounded;
And thinks a zealous cobbler better
Than learned Uſher in every letter?
O! ſuch a rogue's a Roundhead.

What's he that doth *high-treaſon* ſay
As often as his *aye* and *nay*,
And wiſh the King confounded;
And dares maintain that Mr. Pim
Is fitter for a crown than him?
O! ſuch a rogue's a Roundhead.

What's he that, if he chance to hear
A little piece of *Common-Prayer*,
Doth think his conſcience wounded;
Will go five miles to preach and pray,
And meet a ſiſter by the way?
O! ſuch a rogue's a Roundhead.]

WITH face and faſhion to be known,
For one of ſure election;
With eyes all white, and many a groan,
With neck aſide to draw in tone,
With harp in 's noſe, or he is none:
See a new Teacher of the town—
O the Town, O the Town's new Teacher!

With pate cut ſhorter than the brow*,
With little ruff ſtarch'd, you know how,
With cloak like Paul, no cape I trow,
With ſurplice none; but lately now
With hands to thump, no knees to bow:
See a new Teacher, &c.

* The reaſon commonly aſſigned by the Puritans for cutting their hair ſhorter than their ears was, "becauſe long hair hindered the ſound of the word from entering into the heart"!

With coz'ning cough, and hollow cheek,
To get new gatherings every week,
With paltry change of *and* to *eke*,
With ſome ſmall Hebrew, and no Greek,
To find out words, when ſtuff 's to ſeek:
See a new Teacher, &c.

With ſhop-board breeding and intruſion,
With ſome outlandiſh inſtitution,
With Urſine's catechiſm * to muſe on,
With Syſtem's method for confuſion,
With grounds ſtrong laid of mere illuſion:
See a new Teacher, &c.

With rites indifferent all damned,
And made unlawful, if commanded,
Good works of Popery down banded,
And moral laws from him eſtranged,
Except the Sabbath ſtill unchanged†:
See a new Teacher, &c.

* An alluſion to the celebrated Zachary Urſinus' Lectures on the Catechiſm, entitled *The Summe of the Chriſtian Religion*, tranſlated by Henry Parry in 1587, a work that was greatly eſteemed and very popular in the seventeenth century.

† So Marchmont Needham:—

We are, the learned Synod ſays,
The Church of England's *nurſe*;
Who make them keep the Sabbath days,
And all the week to curſe!

With ſpeech unthought, quick revelation,
With boldneſs in predeſtination,
With threats of abſolute damnation,
Yet *Yea* and *Nay* hath ſome ſalvation,
For his own tribe, not every nation*:
See a new Teacher, &c.

With after licenſe caſt a crown,
When Biſhop new had put him down;
With tricks call'd repetition,
And doctrine newly brought to town,
Of teaching men to hang and drown:
See a new Teacher, &c.

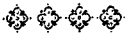
With fleſh-proviſion to keep Lent,
With ſhelves of ſweetmeats often ſpent,
Which new maid bought, old lady ſent,
Though, to be ſaved, a poor preſent;
Yet legacies aſſure the event:
See a new Teacher, &c.

* Sir William Dugdale, in his *Short View of the late Troubles in England*, gives the following ſpecimen of a prayer offered at Southampton by a Puritan:—"Bleſs the King, O Lord, mollify his heart that delighteth in blood; open his eyes that he may ſee that the blood of ſaints is dear in thy ſight. He is fallen from faith in thee, and become an enemy to the Church: Is it not he that has ſinned, and done evil indeed? but as for theſe ſheep [the Puritans] what have they done? Let thy hand, we pray thee, O Lord our God, be upon *him*, and on his father's houſe; *but not on thy people, that they ſhall be plagued.*"

With troops expecting him at th' door,
That would hear ſermons, and no more;
With noting tools, and ſighs great ſtore,
With bibles great to turn them o'er,
While he wreſts places by the ſcore:
See a new Teacher, &c.

With running text, the nam'd forſaken,
With *for* and *but*, both by ſenſe ſhaken,
Cheap doctrines forc'd, wild uſes taken,
Both ſometimes one by mark miſtaken,
With anything to any ſhapen:
See a new Teacher, &c.

With new wrought caps, againſt the canon,
For taking cold, tho' ſure he have none;
A ſermon's end, where he began one,
A new hour long, when's glaſs had run one,
New use, new points, new notes to ſtand on:
See a new Teacher, &c.



COMMONWEALTH

A COFFIN FOR KING CHARLES; A CROWN FOR CROMWELL; AND A PIT FOR THE PEOPLE.

To the tune of "Fain I would."

[This curious ballad was compoſed when the diſſolution of the Monarchy was completed. It is dated the 23rd April (1649), or juſt about the period when the ſelf-conſtituted "keepers of the liberties of England" declared it high treaſon to proclaim or otherwiſe acknowledge Charles the Second. The ballad exhibits throughout the reactionary feeling that took place in the public mind upon beholding the tragical fate of the King.]

I.

Cromwell on the Throne.

SO, ſo, the deed is done,
the royal head is ſevered,
As I meant when I firſt begun
and ſtrongly have endeavoured.
Now Charles the I. is tumbled down,
the Second, I do not fear;
I graſp the ſceptre, wear the crown,
'nor for Jehovah care.

2.

King Charles in his Coffin.

Think'ſt thou, baſe ſlave, though in my grave
like other men I lie,
My ſparkling fame and Royal name
can (as thou wiſheſt) die?
Know, caitif, in my ſon I live
(the Black Prince * call'd by ſome),
And he ſhall ample vengeance give
to thoſe that did my doom.

3.

The People in the Pit.

Suppreſt, depreſt, involv'd in woes,
great Charles, thy People be
Baſely deceiv'd with ſpecious ſhows
by thoſe that murther'd thee.
We are enſlav'd to Tyrants' heſts,
who have our freedom won:
Our fainting hope now only reſts
on thy ſucceeding ſon.

4.

Cromwell on the Throne.

Baſe vulgar! know the more you ſtir,
the more your woes increaſe,

* Owing to the ſwarthineſs of his complexion. Charles II. is alſo deſcribed in other contemporary ballads and tracts as reſembling, both in his perſon and features, King Henry VIII.

Your raſhneſs will your hopes deter,
'tis we muſt give you peace.
Black Charles a traitor is proclaim'd
unto our dignity;
He dies (if e'er by us he's gain'd)
without all remedy.

5.

King Charles in his Coffin.

Thrice perjur'd villain! didſt not thou
and thy degenerate train,
By mankind's Saviour's body vow
to me thy ſovereign,
To make me the moſt glorious king
that e'er o'er England reign'd;
That me and mine in everything
by you ſhould be maintain'd?

6.

The People in the Pit.

Sweet Prince! O let us pardon crave
of thy beloved ſhade,
'Tis we that brought thee to the grave,
thou wert by us betray'd.
We did believe 'twas reformation
theſe monſters did deſire;
Not knowing that thy degradation
and death ſhould be our hire.

7.

Cromwell on the Throne.

Ye ſick-brained fools! whoſe wit does lie
in your ſmall guts; could you
Imagine our conſpiracy
did claim no other due,
But for to ſpend our deareſt bloods
to make raſcallions flee?
No, we fought for your lives and goods,
and for a monarchy.

8.

King Charles in his Coffin.

But there's a Thunderer above,
who, tho' he winks awhile,
Is not with your black deeds in love —
he hates your damned guile.
And though a time you perch upon
the top of Fortune's wheel,
You ſhortly unto Acharon
(drunk with your crimes) ſhall reel.

9.

The People in the Pit.

Meanwhile (thou glory of the earth)
we languiſhing do die:
Exciſe doth give free-quarter birth
while ſoldiers multiply.

Our lives we forfeit every day,
our money cuts our throats;
The laws are taken clean away
or ſhrunk to traitors' votes.

10.

Cromwell on the Throne.

Like patient mules reſolve to bear
whate'er we ſhall impoſe;
Your lives and goods you need not fear,
we'll prove your friends, not foes.
We (the *Elected* ones) muſt guide
a thouſand years this land;
You muſt be props unto our pride,
and ſlaves to our command.

11.

King Charles in his Coffin.

But you may fail of your fair hopes
if Fates propitious be,
And yield your loathed lives in ropes
to vengeance and to me.
When as the Swedes and Iriſh join,
the Cumbrian and the Scot
Do with the Danes and French combine,
then look unto your lot.

12.

The People in the Pit.

Our wrongs have arm'd us with ſuch ſtrength,
ſo ſad is our condition,
That could we hope that now at length
we might find intermiſſion,
And have but half we had before,
ere theſe mechanics ſwayed;
To our revenge, knee-deep in gore,
we would not fear to wade.

13.

Cromwell on the Throne.

In vain (fond people) do you grutch
and tacitly repine.
For why? my ſkill and ſtrength are ſuch —
both poles of heaven are mine.
Your hands and purſes both coher'd
to raiſe us to this height:
You muſt protect thoſe you have rear'd,
or ſink beneath their weight.

14.

King Charles in his Coffin.

Singing with angels, near the throne
of the Almighty Three,
I ſit, and know perdition
(baſe Cromwell) waits on thee,

And on thy vile aſſociates:
twelve months ſhall full conclude
Your pow'r—thus ſpeak the pow'rful Fates,
then vades your interlude.

15.

The People in the Pit.

Yea, powerful Fates, haſte, haſte the time,
the moſt auſpicious day,
On which theſe monſters of our time
to hell muſt poſt away.
Meanwhile, ſo pare their ſharpened claws,
and ſo impair their ſtings,
We may no more fight for the Cauſe,
Or other *novel* things!

THE DOMINION OF THE SWORD.

A SONG MADE IN THE REBELLION.

[This admirable ſong was written probably in the interval between the murder of King Charles I. and the final triumph of the Independents over the Preſbyterians and Royaliſts, 1649-50.]

AY by your pleading,
Law lies a-bleeding;
Burn all your ſtudies down, and throw away your reading.

Small pow'r the word has,
And can afford us
Not half ſo much privilege as the ſword does.

It foſters your maſters,
It plaiſters diſaſters,
It makes the ſervants quickly greater than their maſters.

It venters, it enters,
It ſeeks and it centers,
It makes a 'prentice free in ſpite of his indentures.

It talks of ſmall things,
But it ſets up all things;
This maſters money, though money maſters all things.

It is not ſeaſon
To talk of reaſon,
Nor call it loyalty, when the ſword will have it treaſon.

It conquers the crown, too,
The grave and the gown, too;
Firſt it ſets up a Preſbyter, and then it pulls him down too.

This ſubtile diſaſter
Turns bonnet to beaver;
Down goes a biſhop, ſirs, and up ſtarts a weaver.

This makes a layman
To preach and to pray, man;
And makes a lord of him that was but a drayman.

Far from the Gulpit
Of Saxby's pulpit,
This brought an Hebrew ironmonger to the pulpit.

Such pitiful things be
More happy than kings be;
They get the upper hand of Thimblebee and Slingſbee.

No goſpel can guide it,
No law can decide it,
In Church or State, till the ſword has ſanctified it.

Down goes your law-tricks,
Far from the matricks,
Sprung up holy Hewſon's power, and pull'd down St. Patrick's.

This ſword it prevails, too,
So highly in Wales, too,
Shenkin ap Powel ſwears "Cots-ſplutterer nails, too."

In Scotland this faſter
Did make ſuch diſaſter,
That they ſent their money back for which they ſold their maſter.

It batter'd their Gunkirk,
And ſo it did their Spain-kirk,
That he is fled, and ſwears the devil is in Dunkirk.

He that can tower,
Or he that is lower,
Would be judg'd a fool to put away his power.

Take books and rent 'um,
Who can inſvent 'um,
When that the ſword replies, "*Negatur argumentum.*"

Your brave college-butlers
Muſt ſtoop to the ſutlers;
There's ne'er a library like to the cutler's.

The blood that was ſpilt, ſir,
Hath gain'd all the gilt, ſir,
Thus have you ſeen me run my ſword up to the hilt, ſir.

A SALT TEAR;

OR, THE WEEPING ONION,

AT THE

LAMENTABLE FUNERAL OF DR. DORISLAUS.

[Iſaac Doriſlaus was a Dutchman, and doctor of civil law at Leyden, whence he came to England, and was appointed Profeſſor of Hiſtory at Cambridge. He next became Judge-Advocate in the King's army, but deſerted Charles, and aſſiſted in drawing up the charges againſt him. Whilſt agent for the Commonwealth at the Hague, he was aſſaſſinated by twelve Scotch cavaliers, ſuppoſed to have been hired for that purpoſe by the Marquis of Montroſe. The date of the ballad is the 18th June, 1649.]

I.

WHAT though lamented—curſ'd—and the high tree
Of fifty cubits was juſt deſtiny
(Though a deplor'd one) of that agent drew
The articles againſt the holy Jew,
Good Mordecai; which by quaint, curious art
Should have contriv'd the Queen her ſhare o' th' ſmart.
But Providence ſaid, No; and Heſter taught
Proud Haman to a bloody banquet brought.
Our upſtart Hamans had a feaſt: who'll bring
Them, for digeſtion's ſake, to take a ſwing?

2.

Doriſlaus! art lamented? So was He
Who was more *Dives* than the State made thee.
If thou chance meet with him; lift up thine eyes,
And ſee where Charles in Abraham's boſom lies.
O for a meſſenger the Houſe to tell
And all the merry Commoners, of Hell!
How Lenthall looks! How Whitlock pales his face,
Who caught one *ſeal*, and loſt that ſeal of grace!
O how damn'd Bradſhaw quivers as he comes!
And Fairfax groans! and Cromwell bites his thumbs!

3.

Egypt, no doubt, was laid in double black,
When that laſt wonder, and grand land-ſea wrack
Was pour'd on Pharaoh and his hoſt; when waves
Reveng'd the inſolence of murderous ſlaves,
Pharaoh muſt drown, ſo it doth Providence pleaſe.
We have a Moſes, too, is heir o' th' ſeas.
Heaven will a party in that element make:
Your KING-SALE projects do not always take.

4.

The wife of Siſera did no doubt bewail
Siſera's fate; yet the canoniz'd nail
And hammer of ſtout Jael, and the ſong
Of Deborah ſhow'd Heav'n ſmil'd, and went along.

A Kenite did the fact. It was no lot
For perjur'd Engliſh, but a gallant Scot.
'Tis a good omen: that as they pull'd down
The *Firſt*, they ſhall ſet on the *Second's* crown.
Let our deluded citizens invite,
Hug, kiſs, and lick the curſed Canaanite:
What tho' their chariots be of iron? we may
See them lie grovelling like loſt Siſera.

5.

Now pray obſerve the pomp, the perſons, ſtate,
That did attend this alien reprobate:
Here went Lieutenant-General *Crocodile*,
And cubs, bred of the ſlime of our rich Nile:
Who creep before they kill, and whoſe falſe tears
Trickle from blood-ſhed eyes of murderers.
Poor Iſland! they have made a Nile of thee,
We cannot find thy *head*, which fain we'd ſee.

6.

Next march a train of ravenous wolves, whoſe jaws
Yet ooze with the blood of ſlaughter'd King and Laws:
Theſe are cloſe mourners; theſe the kingdoms gull:
True wolves, that never howl till they are full.
Theſe are the beaſts of prey, whoſe ſharp fang tears
Not *cavies* now, but the harmleſs *levellers*;
By whom they roſe unto this greatneſs. We,
We are diſtaſted, well as Monarchy.

7.

Cloſe unto theſe, in grave deportment, march
The City changelings in *Thanksgiving* ſtarch,
A ſort of whelps, taught by that wolfiſh kind,
Who, if one howl'd, ſtraight the whole kennel whin'd.
Theſe, at the whip of cunning Oliver,
Do feaſt, or elſe drop a diſſembling tear.
All theſe attend their *Agent's* funeral;
This honour 's but a trap, the States' ſly call
To get another throat cut, but in vain,
Doriſlaus cries from Hell
'TWILL BE NO GAIN!

THE STATE'S NEW COIN.

[Shortly after the abrogation of the monarchy, the Parliament iſſued a new coinage. It conſiſted of pieces having on the obverſe a ſhield with St. George's croſs, encircled by a laurel and palm branch, ſurrounding the ſimple inſcription "The Commonwealth of England." On the reverſe was the equally ſimple legend "God with us," and two ſhields bearing the arms of England and Ireland. The ſhields being conjoined at top were at once declared to reſemble the breeches of the Rump; a declaration which continued to be a ſtanding joke with the Cavaliers during the times of the Commonwealth, and with others long after the reſtoration of the monarchy. The other abſurdities ſo ingeniouſly fitted to this innocent coinage will be beſt underſtood by a peruſal of the ballad itſelf.]

SAW you the State's money new come from the Mint?
Some people do ſay it is wonderous fine;
And that you may read a great myſtery in't,
Of mighty King Nol, the lord of the coin.

They have quite omitted his politic head,
His worſhipful face, and his excellent noſe;
But the better to ſhow the life he had led,
They have fix'd upon it the print of his hoſe.

For, if they had ſet up his picture there,
They needs muſt ha' crown'd him in Charles' ſtead;
But 'twas cunningly done, that they did forbear,
And rather would ſet up aught elſe than his head.

'Tis monſtrous ſtrange, and yet it is true,
In this Reformation we ſhould have ſuch luck,
That croſſes were always diſdain'd by you,
Who before pull'd them down, ſhould now ſet them up.

On this ſide they have circumſcrib'd *God with us*,
And in this ſtamp and coin they confide;
Common-Wealth on the other, by which we may gueſs,
That *God* and the *States* were not both of a ſide.

On this ſide they have croſs and harp,
And only a croſs on the other ſet forth;
By which we may learn, it falls to our part
Two croſſes to have for one fit of mirth!

UPON THE GENERAL PARDON PASS'D BY THE RUMP.

[After his deciſive victory at Worceſter, Cromwell immediately reſumed his Parliamentary duties, and, to further his ambitious views, forced from the reluctant "Rump" their aſſent to a reſolution of amneſty ſo wide, that it almoſt ſtruck at the root of the Commonwealth. They aſſented, Ludlow obſerves, "the Parliament being unwilling to deny Cromwell anything for which there was the leaſt colour of reaſon." It was, in effect, reſolved that all political offences committed before the battle of Worceſter ſhould be forgiven, with the exception of a few caſes; a deciſion which, though it implied a groſs injuſtice to thoſe who had already been mulcted heavily, relieved the royaliſts from all apprehenſion of farther penalties.]

REJOICE, rejoice, ye Cavaliers,
For here comes that diſpels your fears;
A General Pardon is now paſt,
What was long look'd for, comes at laſt.

It pardons all that are undone;
The Pope ne'er granted ſuch a one:
So long, ſo large, ſo full, ſo free,
O what a glorious State have we!

Yet do not joy too much, my friends,
Firſt ſee how well this pardon ends;
For though it hath a glorious face,
I fear there's in't but little grace.

'Tis ſaid the mountains once brought forth,
And what brought they? a mouſe, in troth;
Our States have done the like, I doubt,
In this their Pardon now ſet out.

We'll look it o'er, then, if you pleaſe,
And ſee wherein it brings us eaſe:
And firſt, it pardons words, I find,
Againſt our State — words are but wind.

Hath any pray'd for th' King of late,
And wiſh'd confuſion to our State?
And call'd them rebels? He may come in
And plead this Pardon for that ſin.

Has any call'd King Charles that's dead
A Martyr — he that loſt his head?
And villains thoſe that did the fact?
That man is pardon'd by this act.

Hath any ſaid our Parliament
Is ſuch a one as God ne'er ſent?
Or hath he writ, and put in print,
That he believes the Devil's in't?

Or hath he ſaid there never were
Such tyrants anywhere as here?
Though this offence of his be high,
He's pardon'd for his blaſphemy.

You ſee how large this Pardon is,
It pardons all our *Mercuries* *,
And poets too, for you know they
Are poor, and have not aught to pay.

For where there's money to be got,
I find this Pardon pardons not;
Malignants that were rich before,
Shall not be pardon'd till they're poor.

Hath any one been true to th' Crown,
And for that paid his money down,
By this new act he ſhall be free,
And pardon'd for his loyalty.

Who have their lands confiſcate quite,
For not compounding when they might;
If that they know not how to dig,
This Pardon gives them leave to beg.

Before this act came out in print,
We thought there had been comfort in't;
We drank ſome healths to the higher pow'rs,
But now we've ſeen't they'd need drink ours.

For by this act it is thought fit
That no man ſhall have benefit,

* Alluding to the newſpapers of the day, the whole of which were ſo named.

Unleſs he firſt engage to be
A rebel to eternity.

Thus, in this Pardon it is clear,
That nothing's here and nothing's there;
I think our States do mean to choke us
With this new act of *Hocus Pocus.*

Well, ſince this act's not worth a pin,
We'll pray our States to call it in,
For moſt men think it ought to be
Burnt by the hand of Gregory.*

Then, to conclude, here's little joy
For thoſe that pray *Vive le Roy!*
But ſince they'll not forget our crimes,
We'll keep our mirth till better times.

* The common hangman.

THE HOUSE OUT OF DOORS.

[Mr. Carlyle, in his *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, gives the following graphic deſcription of the laſt ſcene in the Long Parliament (20th April, 1653): "'You call yourſelves a Parliament,' continues my Lord General in clear blaze of conflagration; 'You are no Parliament; I ſay you are no Parliament! Some of you are drunkards,' and his eye flaſhes on poor Mr. Chaloner, an official man of ſome value, addicted to the bottle; 'some of you are ——,' and he glares into Harry Martin, and the poor Sir Peter, who roſe to order, lewd livers both; 'living in open contempt of God's commandments. . . . . Corrupt, unjuſt perſons; ſcandalous to the profeſſion of the Goſpel: how can you be a Parliament for God's people? Depart, I ſay, and let us have done with you. In the name of God,—go!' . . . Hiſtory reports with a ſhudder that my Lord General, 'ifting the ſacred mace itſelf, ſaid, 'What ſhall we do with this bauble? Take it away,' and gave it to a muſketeer. And now, 'Fetch him down!' ſays he to Harriſon, flaſhing on the Speaker. Speaker Lenthall, more like an ancient Roman than anything elſe, declares he will not come till forced; 'Sir,' ſaid Harriſon, 'I will lend you a hand;' on which Speaker Lenthall came down, and gloomily vaniſhed. They all vaniſhed; flooding gloomily, clamourouſly out, to their ulterior buſineſs and reſpective places of abode: the Long Parliament is diſſolved!"]

I.

WILL you hear ſtrange news ne'er heard of before,
A ballad of news without any lies?
The Parliament now is turn'd out of doors,
And ſo is the Council of State likewiſe.

Brave Oliver came into the Houſe like a ſpright,
His fiery looks made the Speaker* dumb;
You muſt be gone hence, quoth he, by this light,
D' you mean to ſit here till Doomſday come.

2.

At this the Speaker look'd pale with fear,
And if he had been with the nightmare rid,
Inſomuch that ſome did think that were there
He did e'en as much as the Alderman did;
For Oliver, though he were Doctor of Law,
He choſe to play the Phyſician here;
His phyſic ſo wrought in the Speaker's maw,
That he gave him a *ſtool* inſtead of a *chair*.

3.

Brave Arthur† thought Oliver wondrous bold,
(I mean the knight that was one of the *five*)
He was very unwilling to loſe his freehold ‡,
But needs he muſt go whom the Devil doth drive;

* Lenthall.

† Haslerigg, who was one of the five obnoxious members perſonally demanded by the King, January 4, 1642.

‡ A petition was preſented, 23rd Dec. 1651, to the Long Parliament by one Joſiah Prymato, leather-ſeller of London, who therein not only charged Sir Arthur Haſlerigg with fraudulently procuring the ſequeſtration of the petitioner's collieries in Durham, which were worth 5000*l.* per annum, but alſo taxed four of the Compounding Commiſſioners "with not daring to oppoſe the will and pleaſure of the ſaid Sir Arthur." The Houſe diſmiſſed the petition "as falſe,

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And gone he is into the north country,
Hoping therein to make ſome ſtir—
Yet, in the meantime, take it from me,
Brave Arthur muſt yield to brave Oliver.

4.

Harry Martin wonder'd to ſee ſuch a thing
Done by a ſaint of ſo high a degree,
An act which he did not expect from a king,
Much leſs from ſuch a *Dry-bone* as he.
Brave Oliver, laying his hand on his ſword,
Upbraided him with his adultery;
Then Martin gave not ſo much as a word,
But humbly thanked his Majeſty.

5.

Much wit he had ſhow'd if that he had dar'd,
But ſilent he was for fear of ſome knocks,
Thought he, if I catch you within my ward,
I may chance ſend you home with a ——.
Next Allen *, the Copperſmith, was in great fear,
He did us much harm ſince the war began:
A broken citizen for many a year,
And now he's a broken Parliament man!

malicious, and ſcandalous;" and fined the petitioner 3000*l.* to the Commonweath, 2000*l.* to Sir Arthur, and 500*l.* to each of the four Commiſſioners for his impertinence!

* The goldſmith, whom Cromwell openly taxed with "cheating the public."

6.

Brave Oliver told him what he had been,
And him a cheating knave did call;
Which put him into a fit of the ſpleen,
But now he muſt give an account for all.
It went to the heart of Sir Harry Vane
To think what a terrible fall he ſhould have;
For he that did late in the Parliament reign,
Was call'd (as I heard) *a diſſembling knave.*

7.

Who gave him that name you may eaſily know,
'Twas one that had learn'd that art full well;
You may ſwear it was true if he call'd him ſo,
For what's to diſſemble I'm ſure he can't tell.
Preſident Bradſhaw, as proud as a Pope,
That loves upon kings and princes to trample,
Now the Houſe is diſſolv'd I cannot but hope
To ſee ſuch a Parliament made an example.

8.

Then room for the Speaker, without his mace,
And room for the reſt of the rabble-rout;
My maſters, methinks 'tis a pitiful caſe,
Like the ſnuff of a candle thus to go out!
'Tis wondrous ſtrange you ſhould not agree,
You that have been ſuch brethren in evil;
A diſſolution there needs muſt be,
When the Devil's divided againſt the Devil!

9.

Some think that Cromwell with Charles is agreed,
And 'twere good policy if it were ſo;
Left the Hollander, French, the Dane, and the Swede,
Bring him whether we will or no.
And now I would gladly conclude my ſong
With a prayer, as ballads were wont to do;
But yet I'll forbear, for I think ere long,
We *ſhall* have a King and a Parliament too.

THE PARLIAMENT ROUTED;

OR, HERE'S A HOUSE TO BE LET.*

I HOPE THAT ENGLAND, AFTER MANY JARS,
SHALL BE AT PEACE, AND GIVE NO WAY TO WARS:
O LORD, PROTECT THE GENERAL, THAT HE
MAY BE THE AGENT OF OUR UNITY.

To the tune of "Lucina, or, Merrily and Cherrily."

HEER up, kind countrymen, be not diſmay'd,
true news I can tell ye concerning the nation,
That ſpirits are quench'd, the tempeſt is lay'd,
(and now we may hope for a good reformation).
The Parliament bold and the Council of State
do wiſh them beyond ſea, or elſe at Virginie;
For now all their orders are quite out of date,
twelve Parliament men ſhall be ſold for a penny.

* Vide introductory note to the preceding ballad.

Full twelve years and more theſe rooks they have ſat,
to gull and to cozen all true-hearted people;
Our gold and our ſilver have made them ſo fat,
that they look'd more big and mighty than Paul's ſteeple:
The freedom of ſubject they much did pretend,
but ſince they bare ſway we never had any;
For every member promoted ſelf-end;
twelve Parliament men are now ſold for a penny.

Their acts and their orders, which they have contriv'd,
was ſtill in concluſion to multiply riches;
The Commonwealth ſweetly by theſe men have thriv'd,
as Lancaſhire did with the jemets of witches*:
Oh! our freedom was chain'd to the Egyptian yoke,
as it hath been felt and endured by many,
Still making religion their author and cloke;
twelve Parliament men ſhall be ſold for a penny.

Both city and country are almoſt undone
by theſe caterpillars, which ſwarm'd in the nation;
Their imps and their goblins did up and down run,
Exciſe-men I mean, all knaves of a faſhion:
For all the great treaſure that daily came in,
the ſoldier wants pay, 'tis well known by a many;

* The people of this county were proverbially ſuperſtitious.

To cheat and to cozen they held it no ſin;
twelve Parliament men ſhall be ſold for a penny.

The land and the livings which theſe men have had,
'twould make one admire what uſe they've made of it;
With plate and with jewels they have been well clad;
the ſoldier fared hard, whilſt they got the profit:
Our gold and our ſilver to Holland they ſent,
but being found out, this is known by a many,
That no one would own it for fear of a ſhent,
twelve Parliament men are ſold for a penny.

'Tis judged by moſt people that they were the cauſe
of England and Holland their warring together*,
Both friends and dear lovers to break civil laws,
and in cruel manner to kill one another:
What cared they how many did loſe their dear lives,
ſo they by the bargain did get people's money,
Sitting ſecure, like bees in their hives?
twelve Parliament men are now ſold for a penny.

* An alluſion to the Dutch war of 1651-52.

The Second Part.

To the ſame tune.

They voted, unvoted, as fancy did guide,
to paſs away time, but increaſing their treaſure;
(When Jack is on cock-horſe he'll galloping ride,
but falling at laſt he'll repent it at leiſure).
The widow, the fatherleſs, gentry and poor,
the tradeſman and citizen, with a great many,
Have ſuffer'd full dearly to heap up their ſtore;
but twelve Parliament men ſhall be ſold for a penny.

Theſe burthens and grievances England hath felt,
ſo long and ſo heavy, our hearts are e'en broken,
Our plate, gold and ſilver, to themſelves they have dealt,
(all this is true, in good time be it ſpoken).
For a man to riſe high, and at laſt to fall low,
it is a diſcredit; this lot falls to many,
But 'tis no great matter theſe men to ſerve ſo;
twelve Parliament men are now ſold for a penny.

The General* perceiving their luſtful deſire
to covet more treaſure, being puff'd with ambition,
By their acts and their orders to ſet all on fire,
pretending religion to rout ſuperſtition:

* Cromwell.

He bravely commanded the ſoldiers to go,
in the Parliament Houſe, in defiance of any;
To which they conſented, and now you do know
that twelve Parliament men may be ſold for a penny.

The ſoldiers, undaunted, laid hold on the mace,
and out of the chair they removed the Speaker;
The great ones were then in a pitiful caſe,
and Taffy* cried out, All her cold muſt forſake her!
Thus they were routed, pluckt out by the ears,
the Houſe was ſoon empty, and rid of a many
Uſurpers, that ſat there this thirteen long years;
twelve Parliament men may be ſold for a penny.

To the Tower of London away they were ſent,
as they have ſent others by them captivated;
O what will become of this old Parliament,
and all their compeers, that were royally ſtated?
What they have deſerv'd I wiſh they may have,
and 'tis the deſire I know of a many;
For us to have freedom, O that will be brave!
but twelve Parliament men may be ſold for a penny.

Let's pray for the General and all his brave train,
he may be an inſtrument for England's bleſſing,

* It was a common practice to hold up the Welſh to deriſion in the time of the Commonwealth, becauſe they failed to make ſo ſtout a reſiſtance to Cromwell and his Ironſides as was expected of them.

Appointed in heaven to free us again,
for this is the way of our burdens redreſſing:
For England to be in glory once more,
it would ſatisfy, I know, a great many;
But ending, I ſay, as I ſaid before,
twelve Parliament men are now ſold for a penny.

THE SALE OF REBELLIOUS HOUSE-HOLD STUFF.

[This humorous, and at one time moſt popular ſong, alſo relates to the violent diſmiſſal of the Rump, 20th April, 1653.]

REBELLION hath broken up houſe,
And hath left me old lumber to ſell,
Come hither and take your choice,
I'll promiſe to uſe you well:
Will you buy the old Speaker's chair?
Which was warm and eaſy to ſit in,
And oft has been clean'd I declare,
Whereas it was fouler than fitting.
Says old Simon the King,
Says old Simon the King,
With his ale-dropt hoſe, and his malmſey noſe,
Sing, hey ding, ding-a-ding, ding.

Will you buy any bacon flitches,
The fatteſt that ever were ſpent?
They're the ſides of the old committees,
Fed up in the Long Parliament.
Here's a pair of bellows and tongs,
And for a ſmall matter I'll ſell ye 'um,

They are made of the Preſbyter's lungs,
To blow up the coals of rebellion.
Says old Simon, &c.

I had thought to have given them once
To ſome blackſmith for his forge;
But now I have conſidered on't,
They are conſecrate to the Church:
So I'll give them unto ſome quire,
They will make the big organs roar,
And the little pipes to ſqueak higher
Than ever they could before.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a couple of ſtools for ſale,
One's ſquare, and t'other is round;
Betwixt them both the tail
Of the Rump fell down to the ground.
Will you buy the State's Council-table,
Which was made of the good wain-Scot?
The frame was a tottering Babel
To uphold th' Independent plot.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's the beſom of Reformation,
Which ſhould have made clean the floor;
But it ſwept the wealth out of the nation,
And left us dirt good ſtore.

Will you buy the State's ſpinning-wheel,
Which ſpun for the roper's trade?
But better it had ſtood ſtill,
For now it has ſpun a fair thread.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a glyſter-pipe well tried,
Which was made of a butcher's ſtump,
And has been ſafely applied
To cure the colds of the Rump.
Here's a lump of Pilgrim's-ſalve,
Which once was a juſtice of peace,
Who Noll and the Devil did ſerve,
But now it is come to this.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a roll of the State's tobacco,
If any good fellow will take it;
No Virginia had e'er ſuch a ſmack-o,
And I'll tell you how they did make it:
'Tis th' Engagement and Covenant cook't
Up with the Abjuration oath;
And many of them, that have took 't,
Complain it was foul in the mouth.
Says old Simon, &c.

Yet the aſhes may happily ſerve
To cure the ſcab of the nation,

Whene'er 't has an itch to ſwerve
To Rebellion by innovation.
A Lanthorn here is to be bought,
The like was ſcarce ever gotten,
For many plots it has found out
Before they ever were thought on.
Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy the Rump's great ſaddle,
With which it jockey'd the nation?
And here is the bit and the bridle,
And curb of Diſſimulation:
And here's the trunk-hoſe of the Rump,
And their fair diſſembling cloak;
And a Preſbyterian jump,
With an Independent ſmock.
Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy a Conſcience oft turn'd,
Which ſerved the high-court of Juſtice,
And ſtretch'd until England it mourn'd —
But Hell will buy that if the worſt is.
Here's Joan* Cromwell's kitchen-ſtuff tub,
Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers,

* This was a cant name given to Cromwell's wife by the Royaliſts, who taxed her with exchanging the kitchen-ſtuff for the candles uſed in the Protector's houſehold. In a little work (12mo. Lond. 1664) deſcribed by Baker as "Liber rarus, et præterea nihil,"

With which old Noll's horns ſhe did rub,
When he was got drunk with falſe bumpers.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's the purſe of the public faith;
Here's the model of the Sequeſtration,
When the old wives upon their good troth
Lent thimbles to ruin the nation.
Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorſhip,
And here are Lambert's Commiſſions,
And here is Hugh Peters his ſcrip,
Cramm'd with tumultuous Petitions.
Says old Simon, &c.

And here are old Noll's brewing veſſels,
And here are his dray and his ſlings;

---

and entitled *The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, commonly called Joan Cromwell, the wife of the late Usurper, truly deſcribed and repreſented*, there is a portrait of this lady, with a monkey making mouths at her, and theſe lines appended:—

"From feigned glory and uſurped throne,
And all the greatneſs to me falſely ſhown,
And from the arts of government ſet free,
See how Proteſtreſs and a Drudge agree."

The moſt ardent Royaliſt could prefer no weightier charge againſt her than an excluſive devotion to the domeſtic concerns of her family.

Here are Hewſon's awl and his briſtles*;
With diverse other odd things:
And what is the price doth belong
To all these matters before ye?
I'll ſell them all for an old ſong,
And ſo I do end my ſtory.
Says old Simon, &c.

* Col. Hewſon, before the breaking out of the Rebellion, had been a cobbler.

A CHRISTMAS SONG,

WHEN THE RUMP WAS FIRST DISSOLVED.

[The diſſolution of the Rump, which for so many years, by ſanctified pretences, had oppreſſed in turn all parties in the State, was hailed, more particularly by the lower orders, with exuberant delight. They saw in the downfall of their late hypocritical maſters a ſpeedy reſtoration of that comparative freedom which they had enjoyed prior to the firſt meeting of the Long Parliament in 1640. In the plenitude of their power nothing was too inſignificant for the conſideration or interference of that extraordinary aſſembly. Amongſt other acts, they not only aboliſhed the feſtival of Chriſtmas, but even interdicted the eating of the cuſtomary pies, — ſuch dainties being regarded as "profane viands" by the ſanctimonious Puritans.]

To the tune of "I tell thee, Dick."

THIS Chriſtmas time, 'tis fit that we
Should feaſt, and ſing, and merry be,
It is a time of mirth;
For never ſince the world began
More joyful news was brought to man,
Than at our Saviour's birth.

But ſuch have been theſe times of late,
That holidays are out of date*,

* All holidays were aboliſhed by the Puritans, and recreation on the ſabbath ſtrictly prohibited, ſo that, in fact, no time was left for relaxation of any kind. See note, p. 54.

And holineſs to boot;
For they that do deſpiſe and ſcorn
To keep the day that Chriſt was born,
Want holineſs no doubt.

That Parliament that took away
The obſervation of that day
We know it was not free;
For if it had, ſuch acts as thoſe
Had ne'er been ſeen in verſe or proſe,
You may conclude with me.

'Twas that Aſſembly did maintain
'Twas law to kill their Sovereign,
Who by that law muſt die;
Though God's anointed ones are ſuch,
Which ſubjects ſhould not dare to touch,
Much leſs to crucify.

'Twas that which turn'd our Biſhops out
Of houſe and home, both branch and root,
And gave no reaſon why,
And all our clergy did expel,
That would not do like that rebel —
This no man can deny.

* On the 3rd June, 1647, it was ordained by Lords and Commons in Parliament that the Feaſt of the Nativity of Chriſt ſhould no longer be obſerved.

It was that Parliament that took
Out of our churches our *Service-book*
A book without compare;
And made God's Houſe (to all our griefs),
That Houſe of Prayer, a den of thiefs,
Both here and everywhere.

They had no head for many years
Nor heart (I mean the House of Peers),
And yet it did not die;
Of theſe long ſince it was bereft,
And nothing but the tail was left,
You know as well as I.

And in this tail there was a tongue,
Lenthal† I mean, whoſe fame hath rung
In country and in city;
Not for his worth or eloquence,
But for a rebel to his prince,
And neither wiſe nor witty.

This Speaker's words muſt needs be wind,
Since they proceeded from behind;
Beſides, you may remember,

* The *Book of Common Prayer*, which was ſuppreſſed by an ordinance of Parliament, 4th Jan. 1645.

† William Lenthal was choſen Speaker of the Commons in 1640, and occupied the chair when Cromwell, in 1653, forcibly diſſolved the Parliament.

From thence no act could be diſcreet,
Nor could the ſenſe o' the Houſe be ſweet,
Where Atkins was a member.

This tale's now done, the Speaker's dumb,
Thanks to the trumpet and the drum;
And now I hope to ſee
A Parliament that will reſtore
All things that were undone before
That we may Chriſtians be.

A JOLT ON MICHAELMAS DAY.

["The Protector (says Echard) having assumed the whole power of the nation to himself, and sent ambassadors and agents to all foreign States, was again courted by them, and presented with rarities and curiosities of several countries; among the rest the Duke of Holstein made him a present of a noble set of grey Friezeland coach-horses, with which, taking the air in Hyde Park, attended only by his secretary, Thurloe, and his guard of Janizaries, he thought fit to mount the box and take the place of his coachman, as if he believed the three pair of horses would prove as tame as the three nations now ridden by him; and therefore, not content with their ordinary pace, he lashed and drove them on with his usual fury, but they, unacquainted with such a rough manager, ran away at full speed, and never stopt till they had violently thrown him off the box, with which fall his pistol fired in his pocket, though without any hurt to himself. This became the subject of mirth and ridicule among several, and of severe lampoons among others, and occasioned some boldly to say, 'that this ought to have instructed him how dangerous it was to intermeddle with those things in which he had no experience.' "]

To the tune of
"To himself that hath fool'd
More than Mahomet could."

IT fell on a day
When good people say
St. Michael beat the dragon,
My Lord the Protector
Did drive, like a Hector,
A coach instead of a wagon.

Becauſe he did hear
The charioteer
  Did antiently wear a crown,
Up went the horſe-heels,
Round, round went the wheels,
  Till his Highneſs came head-long down.

He rein'd them ſo hard,
They look'd back and were ſcar'd,
  To ſee him ſo red and ſo grim;
Away then they fled,
And tho' he uſ'd to lead,
  This new-modell'd horſe would lead him.

But O, how they ſnuff
When his piſtol went off,
  For which all the Saints ſuſpect him:
Doth Providence attend him,
Thirty thouſand defend him,
  Yet a poor pocket-piſtol protect him?

How many a hurl
Had poor Mr. *Thurl-*
  -Lo! he in the coach did pranck it;
He thought he had ſate
Chief Secretary of State,
  But was toſt like a dog in a blanket.

Nay, had they run faſter,
He'd follow his maſter
Through all the ſcenes of this mad-ſhow:
A brewer, a colonel,
A preacher, a general,
A Protector, a King—then comes Bradſhaw.

They ſlander my lord,
With a bug-bear word
That he like Phaëton did drive;
But his highneſs tried
Six horſes to guide,
And Phaëton had but *five*.

Mad Phaëton hurl'd
Fire all o'er the world,
Then dead in a river was found;
But my lord had no aim
To ſet all in a flame,
And never was born to be drown'd.

'Twas Nero did ſtrive
Such chariots to drive,
And publicly ſhow'd his work;
But when my lord ſticks
Up his bills to ſhow tricks,
He'll undo t'other dancing Turk.

But if you look high,
There's ſome reaſon why
  Theſe jades did ſo fling and ſkip;
For tho' we afford
Him the "power o' the ſword,"
  He had no command of the whip.

Enthron'd in his chair,
(Pray what brought him there?)
  He took ſuch Protectory courſes;
He ſeem'd horſe and mule,
But 'tis eaſier to rule
  Three kingdoms than ſix horſes.

Not a day nor an hour
But we felt his power,
  And now he would ſhow us his art;
His firſt reproach
Is a fall from a coach,
  And his laſt will be from a cart!

A FREE PARLIAMENT LITANY.

[The following paſſage from Mr. Foſter's *Life of Cromwell* affords a fair commentary upon this Ballad :—"After the gallanteſt fight for liberty that had ever been fought by any nation in the world, ſhe [England] found herſelf trampled under foot by a military deſpot. All the vices of old kingly rule were nothing to what was now impoſed upon her. Some reſtraint had ſtill been kept on the worſt of her preceding ſovereigns; now ſhe found herſelf hopeleſs and helpleſs, her faith in all that ſhe once held nobleſt broken, and her ſpirits unequal to any further ſtruggle. * * * * The true cauſe of the death of Charles I. was his reſiſtance to the ſacred principle of popular repreſentation. He laid down his head upon the block becauſe he broke violently and in ſucceſſion three Engliſh parliaments. Oliver Cromwell had now merited far more richly that ſelf-ſame doom; for he had committed, in circumſtances of greater atrocity, the ſelf-ſame ſin. But Charles was weak, and Cromwell ſtrong; and the people had undergone that worſt and moſt ſad recoil from a virtuous and quick-ſpirited enthuſiaſm, to the debaſing ſenſe of failure, depreſſion, and indifference."]

To the tune of "An Old Soldier of the Queen's."

MORE Ballads! — here's a ſpick and ſpan new
Supplication,
By order of a Committee for the Reformation
To be read in all churches and chapels of this nation,
Upon pain of ſlavery and ſequeſtration.
From Fools and Knaves, in our Parliament free,
Libera nos Domine.

From thoſe that ha' more Religion and leſs conſcience than their fellows;
From a Repreſentative that's fearful and zealous;
From a ſtarting jadiſh people that is troubled with the yellows,
And a prieſt that blows the coal (a crack in his bellows).
From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From ſhepherds that lead their flocks into the briars,
And then fleece 'em — From Vow-breakers and King-tryers;
— Of Church and Crown lands, from both ſellers and buyers;
From the children of him that's the Father of Liars.
From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From the Doctrine and Diſcipline of *Now and anon:* Sedgwick.*
Preſerve us and our wives from John T and Saint John, John a Noke and John a Stiles.
Like Maſter like Man, every way but one:
The Maſter has a large conſcience, and the Man has none.
From Fools and Knaves, &c.

* William Sedgwick, a fanatical preacher, who, for having ventured to foretell the day of judgment, which he ſurvived, was ever afterwards called *Doomſday Sedgwick.*

From Major-Generals, Army-officers, and that phanatique crew;
From the parboil'd pimp Scot, and from Goodface, the Jew;
From old Mildmay*, that in Cheapſide miſtook his queu; Repulſed by a citizen's wife.
And from him that wont pledge—give the Devil his due.
From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From long-winded ſpeeches, and not a wiſe word;
From a Goſpel miniſtry ſettled by th' ſword;
From the act of a Rump, that ſtinks when 'tis ſtirr'd;
From a Knight of the Poſt, and a cobling lord.†
From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From all the rich people that ha' made us poor;
From a Speaker‡ that creeps to the Houſe by a back-door;
From that badger, Robinſon§ (that limps and bites ſore);
And that dog in a doublet, Arthur ‖—that will do ſo no more.
From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From a certain ſly Knave with a beaſtly name;
From a Parl'ment that's wild, and a people that's tame;

* Sir Henry Mildmay, Bart., M.P. for Malden.
† Col. Hewſon, one of Cromwell's lords, but originally a cobbler.
‡ Lenthal.
§ Luke Robinſon, who was an active member of the Houſe, and ſubſequently employed as parliamentary agent to negotiate terms with Monk.
‖ Sir Arthur Haslerigg.

From Skippon *, Titchbourne †, Ireton ‡,—and another of the ſame;
From a dung-hill cock, and a Hen of the game.
From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From all thoſe that ſat in the High Court of Juſtice;
From Uſurpers that ſtyle themſelves the People's truſtees;
From an old Rump, in which neither profit nor guſt is;
And from the recov'ry of that which now in the duſt is.
From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From a backſliding Saint that pretends t' acquieſce;
From croſſing of proverbs (let 'um hang that confeſs);
From a ſniveling cauſe, in a pontificall dreſs;
Jacks both. And two Lawyers, with the Devil and his dam in a meſs.
From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From thoſe that trouble the waters, to mend the fiſhing,
And fight the Lord's battles under the Devil's commiſſion;

* Major-General Skippon, "the pious," a Privy Councillor in 1653; and, in 1655, one of Cromwell's military ſatraps appointed to command one of the eleven diſtricts into which England was divided in that year.

† Alderman Sir Robt. Titchbourne, a commiſſioner for the Sale of State Lands, and a member of the Committee for Regulating the Cuſtoms—offices by which he made a large fortune.

‡ Alderman Ireton, brother to the General of that name, and a member of the Cuſtoms' Committee.

Such as eat up the Nation, whilſt the Government's a-diſhing:
And from a people when it ſhould be doing, ſtands wiſhing.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From an Everlaſting mock-Parliament—and from *none*;
From Strafford's old friends — Harry, Jack, and John;
From our Solicitor's wolf-law deliver our King's ſon;
And from the Reſurrection of the Rump that is dead and gone.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From foreign invaſion and commotions at home;
From our preſent diſtraction, and from work to come;
From the ſame hand again, Smectymnus* or the Bum,
And from taking Geneva in our way to Rome.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

* The title given to a club of five divines, the initials of whoſe names formed this otherwiſe ſenſeleſs word, namely, *S*tephen *M*arſhall, *E*dmund *C*alamy, *T*homas *Y*oung, *M*atthew *N*ewcomen, and *W*illiam *S*purſtow. They were authors of a once-popular book againſt Epiſcopacy and the Liturgy. Cleveland thus alludes to them:

"*Smectymnus!* The Goblin makes me ſtart;
I' th' name of Rabbi Abraham, what art?
Syriac? or Arabic? or Welſh? What ſkil't?
Ape all the bricklayers that Babel built.
Some conjurer tranſlate, and let me know it—
Till then 'tis fit for a Weſt Saxon poet.

From a hundred thouſand pound tax, to keep knaves by the ſcore;
(But it is well giv'n to theſe that turn'd thoſe out of door);
From undoing ourſelves in plaiſtering old ſores;
He that ſet them a-work, let him pay their ſcores.
From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From Saints and tender Conſciences in Buff;
From Mounſon in a foam, and Haſlerig in a huff;
From both Men and Women that think they never have enough;
And from a fool's head that looks thro' a chain and a duff.
From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From thoſe that would divide the Gen'ral and the City;
From Harry Martin's girl, that was neither ſweet nor pretty;
From a Faction that has neither brain nor pity;
From the Mercy of a phanatique Committee.
From Fools and Knaves, &c.

But do the brotherhood, then, play their prizes,
Like mummers in religion, with diſguiſes?
Out-brave us with a name in rank and file—
A name, which, if 'twere train'd would ſpread a mile?
The ſaints' monopoly, the zealous cluſter,
Which like a porcupine preſents a muſter,
And ſhoots his quills at Biſhops and their Sees,
A devout litter of young Maccabees."

Preſerve us, good Heaven, from entruſting thoſe
That ha' much to get, and little to loſe;
That murther'd the Father, and the Son would depoſe;
(Sure they can't be our friends that are their Country's foes).
From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From Bradſhaw's preſumption, and from Hoyle's* deſpairs,
From rotten members, blind guides, preaching aldermen, and falſe may'rs;
From long knives, long ears, long Parliaments, and long pray'rs;
In mercy to this Nation — Deliver us and our heirs.
From Fools and Knaves, &c.
Libera nos Domine.

* Alderman Hoyle, M.P., who committed ſuicide.

THE PROTECTING BREWER.

[It was commonly believed that the Protector had followed the occupation of a brewer in early life, and was, therefore, frequently ſatiriſed under that deſignation; but Heath, who was one of his bittereſt enemies, and loſt no opportunity of reviling him for the meanneſs of his origin, his irregularities in youth, and his political conduct towards the cloſe of his life, poſitively aſſerts the contrary in his *Flagellum.* Before the commencement of the Civil Wars, Cromwell had been a farmer and malſter at St. Ives, in Huntingdonſhire; hence, probably, the vulgar opinion. *The Protecting Brewer* is an admirable epitome of his public life.]

BREWER may be a Burgeſs grave,
And carry the matter ſo fine and ſo brave,
That he the better may play the knave,
Which nobody can deny.

A Brewer may put on a Nabal face,
And march to the wars with ſuch a grace,
That he may get a Captain's place,
Which nobody, &c.

A Brewer may ſpeak ſo wondrous well,
That he may riſe (ſtrange things to tell)
And ſo be made a Colonel,
Which nobody, &c.

A Brewer may make his foes to flee,
And riſe his fortunes, ſo that he
Lieutenant-General may be,
Which nobody, &c.

A Brewer may be all in all,
And raiſe his powers both great and ſmall,
That he may be a Lord General,
Which nobody, &c.

A Brewer may be like a fox in a Cub,
And teach a Lecture out of a Tub,
And give the wicked world a rub,
Which nobody, &c.

A Brewer, by 's Exciſe and Rate,
Will promiſe his Army he knows what,
And ſet upon the College-gate,
Which nobody, &c.

Methinks I hear one ſay to me,
Pray why may not a Brewer be
Lord Chancellor o' the Univerſity?
Which nobody, &c.

A Brewer may be as bold as Hector,
When as he had drank his cup o' nectar;
And a Brewer may be a Lord Protector,
Which nobody, &c.

Now here remains the ſtrangeſt thing,
How this Brewer about his liquor did bring
To be an Emperor or a King,
Which nobody, &c.

A Brewer may do what he will,
And rob the Church and State, to ſell
His ſoul unto the Devil in Hell,
Which nobody, &c.

A BALLAD.

By SAMUEL BUTLER.

[This ſarcaſtic ballad, by the author of Hudibras, was ſuggeſted by the Parliament of 1657, at the inſtigation of Alderman Sir Chriſtopher Pack, M.P. for London, tendering the crown to Oliver.]

AS cloſe as a gooſe
Sat the Parliament-houſe,
To hatch the royal gull;
After much fiddle-faddle,
The egg proved addle,
And Oliver came forth *Noll.*

Yet old Queen Madge*,
Tho' things do not fadge,
Will ſerve to be Queen of a May-pole;
Two Princes of Wales †,
For Whitſun-ales,
And her grace, Maid Marion Clay-pole.*

* Cromwell's wife and daughter.
† Richard and Henry Cromwell, ſons of the Protector.

In a robe of cow-hide
Sat yeaſty Pride*,
With his dagger and his ſling;
He was the pertinenſt peer
Of all that were there,
T' adviſe with ſuch a King.

A great Philoſopher †
Had a gooſe for his lover,
That follow'd him day and night:
If it be a true ſtory,
Or but an allegory,
It may be both ways right.

Strickland ‡ and his ſon,
Both caſt into one,
Were meant for a ſingle Baron;
But when they came to ſit,
There was not wit
Enough in them both to ſerve for one!

* The "purging Colonel," and one of Cromwell's "Lords," who was originally a drayman.

† Butler has here confounded Amphilocus (of whom Pliny and others relate that a gooſe fell in love with him) with the ſon of Amphiaraus and Eriphyle.

‡ Walter Strickland, M.P. for Minehead, Cornwall, and ſome time Ambaſſador to the Hague. He was likewiſe one of the peers created by Cromwell, as well as a member of his Privy Council.

Wherefore 'twas thought good
To add Honeywood * ;
But when they came to trial,
Each one prov'd a fool,
Yet three knaves in the whole,
And that made up a *pair-royal.*†

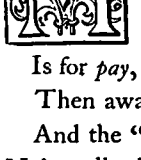
* Colonel Sir Thomas Honeywood, "a knight of the old ſtamp," a committee-man in the time of the Long Parliament, and one of the peers created by Cromwell.

† The wit of this lies in the ambiguity of the term pair-royal, which is applicable to three knaves at the game of Brag, and, at the ſame time, ſignifies a *peer* or *baron* in French.

A NEW BALLAD TO AN OLD TUNE.

TOM OF BEDLAM.

[This very characteriſtic ballad exhibits the anarchy which followed the depoſition of Richard Cromwell, when there appeared no better hope for the nation than a military deſpotiſm even worſe than that of his father.]



AKE room for an honeſt Red-coat
(And that you'll ſay 's a wonder).
The gun and the blade
Are the tools,—and his trade
Is for *pay*, to *kill*, and *plunder*.
Then away with the laws,
And the "Good-old-Cauſe." *
Ne'er talk o' the Rump, or the Charter;
'Tis the caſh does the feat,
All the reſt's but a cheat,
Without *that* there's no Faith nor Quarter.

'Tis the mark of our coin GOD WITH US †,
And the grace of the Lord goes along with 't:
When the *Georges* are flown,
Then the Cauſe goes down,
For the Lord has departed from it.
Then away with, &c.

* The political cry, or by-word, of the Puritans, comprehending "religion and the laws."

† See "The State's New Coin," p. 94.

For Rome, or for Geneva,
For the Table or the Altar,
This ſpawn of a vote,
He cares not a groat —
For the *pence* he's your dog in a halter.
Then away, &c.

Tho' the name of King or Biſhop
To noſtrils pure may be loathſome;
Yet many there are,
That agree with the May'r,
That their lands are wondrous toothſome.
Then away, &c.

When our maſters are poor, we leave 'em,
'Tis the Golden Calf we bow to,
We kill and we ſlay,
Not for conſcience, but pay;
Give us *that* we'll fight for you, too.
Then away, &c.

'Twas *that* firſt turn'd the King out;
The Lords next; then the Commons:
'Twas that kept up Noll,
Till the Devil fetch'd his ſoul;
And then it ſet the *Rump* on 's.*
Then away, &c.

* The Rump was reſtored the 6th May, 1659, turned out again the 13th Oct., and once more reſtored the 26th Dec. Of theſe

Drunken Dick was a lame Protector,
And Fleetwood * a back-ſlider:
Theſe we ſerv'd as the reſt,
But the City's the beaſt,
That will never caſt her rider.
Then away, &c.

When the Mayor holds the ſtirrup,
And the Shrieves cry, God ſave your honors,

---

frequent reſuſcitations of the Long Parliament, juſt previous to the Reſtoration of Charles II., Butler ſays:

"The learned rabbins of the Jews
Write there's a bone, which they call *luez*,
I' th' rump of man, of ſuch a virtue,
No force in nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the laſt great day,
All th' other members ſhall, they ſay,
Spring out of this, as from a ſeed
All ſorts of vegetals proceed:
From whence the learned ſons of art,
Os ſacrum, juſtly ſtyle that part.
Then what can better repreſent,
Than this rump-bone, the Parliament;
That, after ſeveral rude ejections,
And as prodigious reſurrections,
With new reverſions of nine lives,
Starts up, and, like a cat, revives!"

Hudibras, part iii. c. ii. 1615-1630.

* Fleetwood had been appointed by the officers of the army their general; but ſhortly afterwards, upon the invitation of the Parliament, he accepted a ſeat in the New Council of State, which was formed in oppoſition to the Military Council of Twenty-three.

Then 'tis but a jump,
And up goes the Rump,
That will ſpur to the Devil upon us.
Then away, &c.

And now for fling at your Thimbles,
Your Bodkins, Rings, and Whiſtles * ;
In truck for your toys,
We'll fit you with boys
('Tis the doctrine of Hugh's† *Epiſtles*).
Then away, &c.

When your Plate is gone, and your Jewels,
You muſt be next entreated,
To part with your bags,
And to ſtrip you to rags,
And yet not think you're cheated.
Then away, &c.

The truth is, the Town deſerves it,
'Tis a *brainleſs*, *heartleſs monſter* ;
At a club they may bawl,
Or declare at their Hall,
And yet at a puſh not one ſtir.
Then away, &c.

* See note, p. 47.
† Hugh Peters, the celebrated Puritan divine.

Sir Arthur * vow'd he'll treat 'em,
Far worſe than the men of Cheſter †;
He's *bold* now they're cow'd,
But he was nothing ſo loud,
When he lay in the ditch at Leſter.‡
Then away, &c.

The Lord has left John Lambert §,
And the Spirit, Feak's‖ anointed;
But why, O Lord,
Haſt Thou ſheath'd thy ſword?
Lo! thy ſaints are diſappointed.
Then away, &c.

Tho' Sir Henry be departed,
Sir John makes good the place now,
And to help out the work
Of the glorious Kirk,
Our brethren march apace too.¶
Then away, &c.

* Sir Arthur Haſlerigg.

† Alluding to the garriſon of Cheſter, which, when that city was beſieged by the Parliamentarians, in Feb. 1645-6, was conſtrained to feed on horſes, dogs, cats, &c.

‡ Alluding to the ſucceſsful aſſault upon Leiceſter by Charles I., on 30th May, 1645.

§ Alluding to the deſertion of the troops under his command whilſt he was ſtationed at Newcaſtle.

‖ Feakes was a violent anabaptiſt preacher at Blackfriars, who had ſuffered incarceration in the Tower for his repeated attacks upon Cromwell.

¶ Alluding to Monk's progreſs towards London to ſettle the diſputes between the Parliament and army.

Whilſt Divines and Stateſmen wrangle,
Let the Rump-ridden Nation bite on 't;
There are none but we
That are ſure to go free,
For the ſoldier's ſtill in the right on 't.
Then away, &c.

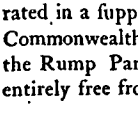
If our Maſters won't ſupply us
With money, food, and clothing,
Let the State look to 't,
We'll find one that will do 't,
Let him live—we will not damn.
Then away with the laws,
And the good old Cauſe,
Ne'er talk o' the Rump, or the Charter;
'Tis the caſh does the feat,
All the reſt's but a cheat,
Without *that* there's no *faith* nor *Quarter*.

WIN AT FIRST AND LOSE AT LAST;

OR, A NEW GAME AT CARDS.

To the tune of "Ye Gallants that delight to play."

[This humorous piece, in which the events of the time are narrated in a ſuppoſed game of cards, cloſes the ſatiric chronicle of the Commonwealth. It is one of the very few ballads, written againſt the Rump Parliament between the years 1639 and 1661, that is entirely free from licentiouſneſs, virulence, and falſehood.]



E merry hearts that love to play
At Cards, ſee who hath won the day;
You that once did ſadly ſing
The Knave of Clubs hath won the King;
Now more happy times we have,
The King hath overcome the Knave,
The King hath overcome the Knave.

Not long ago a game was play'd,
When three Crowns at the ſtakes were laid;
England had no cauſe to boaſt,
Knaves won that which Kings had loſt:
Coaches gave the way to carts,
And Clubs were better cards than Hearts,
And Clubs were better cards than Hearts.

Old Noll was the Knave o' Clubs,
And Dad of ſuch as preach in tubs,
Bradſhaw, Ireton, and Pride,
Were three other Knaves beſide;
And they play'd with half the pack,
Throwing out all cards but Black,
Throwing out all cards but Black.

But the juſt Fates threw theſe four out,
Which made the loyal party ſhout;
The Pope would fain have had the ſtock,
And with theſe cards have whipt his dock;
But ſoon the Devil theſe cards ſnatches,
To dip in brimſtone, and make matches,
To dip in brimſtone, and make matches.

But ſtill the ſport for to maintain,
Bold Lambert, Haſlerigg, and Vane,
With one-eyed Hewſon, took their places,
Knaves were better cards than Aces;
But Fleetwood he himſelf did ſave,
Becauſe he was more fool than Knave,
Becauſe he was more fool than Knave.

Cromwell, tho' he ſo much had won,
Yet he had an unlucky ſon;

He ſits ſtill, and not regards,
Whilſt cunning gameſters ſet the Cards;
And thus, alas, poor ſilly Dick,
He play'd awhile and loſt his trick,
He play'd awhile and loſt his trick.

The Rumpers that had won whole Towns,
The ſpoils of martyrs and of Crowns,
Were not contented, but grew rough,
As though they had not won enough;
They kept the cards ſtill in their hands,
To play for Tithes and College lands,
To play for Tithes and College lands.

The Preſbyters began to fret,
That they were like to loſe the ſett;
Unto the Rump* they did appeal,
And ſaid it was their turn to deal;
Then dealt the Preſbyterians, but
The Army ſwore that they would cut,
The Army ſwore that they would cut.

* The origin of this celebrated term is thus given in the preface to *The Rump; or, Collection of Songs and Ballads made upon those who would be a Parliament, and were but the Rump of our House of Commons, five times diſſolved* (12mo. Lond. 1660.):—"Now if you aſk who named it Rump, know 'twas ſo ſtiled in an honeſt ſheet of paper (call'd the Bloudy Rump) written before the Triall of our late Soveraign of Glorious Memorie: But the Word obtain'd not univerſal notice till it flew from the mouth of Major-General Brown at a Public Aſſembly in the days of Richard Cromwell."

The Foreign Lands began to wonder,
To ſee what gallants we liv'd under,
That they, which Chriſtians did forſwear,
Should follow gaming all the year—
Nay more, which was the ſtrangeſt thing,
To play ſo long without a King,
To play ſo long without a King!

The bold Phanatics preſent were,
Like butlers with their boxes there;
Not doubting but that every game
Some profit would redound to them;
Becauſe they were the gameſters' minions,
And ev'ry day broach'd new opinions,
And ev'ry day broach'd new opinions.

But Cheſhire men (as ſtories ſay)
Began to ſhew them gameſters' play;
Brave Booth*, and all his army, ſtrives
To ſave the ſtakes, or loſe their lives;
But, O ſad fate! they were undone,
By playing of their Cards too ſoon,
By playing of their Cards too ſoon.

* Sir George Booth, who, in the month of July, 1659, ſurpriſed Cheſter, but was ſhortly afterwards defeated and captured by Lambert, who alſo recovered the city.

Thus all the while a Club was trump,
There's none could ever beat the Rump;
Until a noble General came,
And gave the cheaters a clear ſlam;
His finger did outwit their noddy,
And ſcrew'd up poor Jack Lambert's body,
And ſcrew'd up poor Jack Lambert's body.

Then Haſlerig began to ſcowl,
And ſaid the General play'd foul:
Look to him, partners, for I tell ye,
This Monk has got a King in 's belly:
Not ſo, quoth Monk, but I believe,
Sir Arthur has a Knave in 's ſleeve,
Sir Arthur has a Knave in 's ſleeve.

When General Monk did underſtand
The Rump were peeping into 's hand,
He wiſely kept his cards from ſight,
Which put the Rump into a fright;
He ſaw how many were betray'd,
That ſhew'd their Cards before they play'd,
That ſhew'd their Cards before they play'd.

At length, quoth he, ſome cards we lack,
I will not play with half a pack;

What you caſt out I will bring in,
And a new game we will begin:
With that the ſtanders-by did ſay,
They never yet ſaw fairer play,
They never yet ſaw fairer play.

But preſently this game was paſt,
And for a ſecond Knaves were caſt;
All new cards, not ſtain'd with ſpots,
As was the Rumpers and the Scots—
Here good gameſters play'd their parts,
And turn'd up the King of Hearts,
And turn'd up the King of Hearts.

After this game was done, I think,
The ſtanders-by had cauſe to drink,
And all loyal ſubjects ſing,
Farewell Knaves, and welcome King:
For, till we ſaw the King return'd,
We wiſh'd the Cards had all been burn'd,
We wiſh'd the Cards had all been burn'd.

CHARLES II.

THE NOBLE PROGRESS:

OR, A TRUE RELATION OF THE LORD-GENERAL MONK'S POLITICAL PROCEEDINGS WITH THE RUMP, THE CALLING IN THE SECLUDED MEMBERS, THEIR TRANSCENDANT VOTE FOR HIS SACRED MAJESTY, WITH HIS RECEPTION AT DOVOR, AND ROYAL CONDUCT THRO' THE CITY OF LONDON, TO HIS FORMER PALACE AT WHITEHALL.

[This curious ſtreet ballad, the original of which is in black letter, was diſcovered forming part of the lining of an old trunk. It is, probably, *unique*. The firſt part relates to the final diſmiſſion of the Rump, and the election, with the concurrence of Monk, of a free Parliament, or Convention, which voted the reſtoration of the exiled King. The ſecond part deſcribes the triumphal progreſs of Charles II. from Dovor to Whitehall, accompanied by the principal nobility and gentry of the kingdom.]

The tune is "When firſt the Scottiſh Wars began."

OOD people hearken to my call,
I'll tell you all what did befall,
And happened of late;
Our noble valiant General Monk,
Came to the Rump, who lately ſtunk,
With their Council of State.

Admiring what this man would do,
His ſecret mind there's none could know,
They div'd into him as much as they could,
George would not be won with their ſilver nor gold.
The Sectarian Saints at this lookt blew,
With all the reſt of the factious crew;
They vapor'd awhile and were in good hope;
But now they have nothing left but the rope.*

Another invention then they ſought,
Which long they wrought for to be brought
To claſp him with they:
Quoth Vane and Scot, I'll tell you what,
We'll have a Plot, and he ſhall not,
We'll carry the ſway.†
Let's vote him a thouſand pound a-year,
And Hampton Court for him and his heir.
Indeed, quoth George, ye're Free-Parliament men,
To cut a thong out of another man's ſkin.
The Sectarian Saints, &c.

* At this time, the Independent leaders were ſo unpopular that they dared not ſhow their faces in the ſtreet, and were scarcely ſafe in their own dwellings.

† Alluding to Sir Henry Vane's propoſal, when he was Preſident of the Proviſional Council of State, for the future and permanent ſettlement of the government, namely:—"That it is deſtructive to the people's liberties to admit any earthly king, or ſingle perſon, to the legiſlative or executive power over this nation."

They ſent him then with all his hoſts,
To break our poſts and raiſe our ghoſts,
Which was their intent;
To cut our gates and chains all down
Unto the ground, this trick they found,
To make him be ſhent:
This Plot the Rump did ſo accord,
To caſt an odium on my Lord,
But in this taſk he was hard put unto 't
'Twas enough to infect both his horſe and his foot.
The Sectarian Saints, &c.

But when my Lord perceiv'd that night
What was their ſpight, he brought to light
Their knaveries all;
The Parliament of *Forty-eight*,
Which long did wait, came to him ſtraight,
To give them a fall:
And ſome fanatical people knew,
That George would give 'em their fatal due:
Indeed he did requite them agen,
For he pull'd the Monſter out o' the den.
The Sectarian Saints, &c.

To the Houſe, our worthy Parliament,
With good intent they boldly went,
To vote home the King;
And many hundred people more

Stood at the door and waited for
Good tidings to bring:
But ſome in the Houſe had their hands much in blood,
And in great oppoſition the traitors they ſtood.
But yet, I believe, it is very well known
That thoſe that were for him were twenty to one.
But the Sectarian Saints at this lookt blew,
With all the reſt of the factious crew;
They vapour'd awhile and were in good hope,
But now they have nothing left but the Rope.

SECOND PART.

HEY call'd the League and Covenant in,
To read again to every man,
But what comes next?
All Sequeſtrations null and void,
The people ſaid none ſhould be paid,
For this was the text.
For as I heard all the people ſay,
They voted King Charles the firſt of May;
Bonfires burning, bells did ring,
And our ſtreets did echo with "God bleſs the King."
At this the Sectarian Saints, &c.

Our General then to Dovor goes,
In ſpite of foes, or deadly blows,
Saying, " Vive le Roy : " :
And all the Glories of the land,
At his command there they did ſtand
In triumph and joy.
Good Lord! what a ſumptuous ſight 'twas to ſee
Our good Lord-General fall on his knee,
To welcome home his Majeſty,
And own his ſacred ſovereignty.
But the Sectarian Saints, &c.

Then all the worthy, noble train
Came back again with *Charlemagne*,
Our Sovereign great :
The Lord Mayor in his ſcarlet gown,
In 's chain ſo long, went thro' the town,
In pomp and ſtate.
The Livery-men each line the way,
Upon this great triumphant day,
Five rich maces carried before,
And my Lord himſelf the Sword he bore.
Then *Vive le Roy* the Gentry did ſing,
For General Monk rode next to the King,
With acclamations, ſhouts, and cries,
I thought they would have rent the ſkies.

The conduits raviſhed with joy,
As I may ſay, did run all day
Great plenty of wine;
And every gentleman of note
In 's velvet coat that could be got,
In glory did ſhine.
There were all the Peers and Barons bold,
Richly 'tir'd in ſilver and gold,
March'd through the ſtreet ſo brave—
No greater pomp a King could have.
At this the Sectarian Saints, &c.

And thus conducted all along,
Throughout the throng, till he did come
Unto Whitehall;
Attended by theſe Noble-men,
Bold Hero's kin that brought him in,
With the Generall.
Who was the man that brought him home,
And placed him on his Royal Throne?
'Twas General Monk did do this thing—
So God preſerve our gracious King!
And now the Sectarian Saints, &c.

A BALLAD.

[In this loyal effuſion, the author compares Britain to a Barbary mare, and amuſingly recapitulates the various attempts by the parliamentary factions, throughout the course of the Rebellion, to beſtride and manage her; ending his ballad with a flattering avowal of the ſuperior judgment and tact exhibited on the part of her legitimate poſſeſſor—the reſtored King.]

LD England is now a brave Barbary made,
And every one has an ambition to ride her;
King Charles was a horſeman that long us'd the trade,
But he rode in a ſnaffle, and that could not guide her.

Then the hungry Scot comes with ſpur and with ſwitch,
And would teach her to run a Geneva career;
His grooms were all Puritan, traitor, and witch,
But ſhe ſoon threw them down, with their pedlary geer.

The Long Parliament next came all to the block,
And they this untameable palfrey would ride;
But ſhe would not bear all that numerous flock;
At which they were fain themſelves to divide.

Jack Preſbyter firſt gets the ſteed by the head,
While the reverend Biſhops had hold of the bridle:
Jack ſaid through the noſe, they their flocks did not feed,
But ſat ſtill on the beaſt, and grew aged and idle:

And then comes the Rout, with broomſticks inſpir'd,
And pull'd down their graces, their ſleeves and their train,
And ſets up Sir Jack, who the beaſt quickly tir'd,
With a journey to Scotland, and thence back again.

Jack rode in a doublet, with a yoke of prick-ears,
A curſed ſplay-mouth, and a Covenant-ſpur;
Rides ſwitching and ſpurring with jealouſies and fears,
Till the poor famiſh'd beaſt was not able to ſtir.

Next came th' Independent, a dev'liſh deſigner,
And got himſelf call'd by a holier name,
Makes Jack to unhorſe, for he was diviner,
And would make her travel as far 's Amſterdam:

But Noll, a rank rider, gets firſt in the ſaddle,
And made her ſhow tricks, and curvate and rebound;
She quickly perceiv'd that he rode widdle-waddle,
And, like his coach-horſes, threw his highneſs to ground.

Then Dick, being lame, rode holding by the pommel,
Not having the wit to get hold of the rein;

But the jade did ſo ſnort at the ſight of a Crom'ell,
That poor Dick and his kindred turn'd foot-men again.

Next Fleetwood and Vane, with their raſcally pack,
Would every one put their feet in the ſtirrup;
But they pull'd the ſaddle quite off of her back,
And were all got under her—before they were up.

At laſt the King mounts her, and then ſhe ſtood ſtill,
As his Bucephalus, proud of this rider;
She cheerfully yields to his power and ſkill,
Who is careful to feed her, and ſkilful to guide her.

THE CAVALIER'S COMPLAINT.

[The Cavaliers were much diſappointed at the neglect with which their claims to the royal favour were treated at the Reſtoration, and expreſſed great diſſatiſfaction at the preferments beſtowed upon the Preſbyterians, whoſe return to loyalty was thus conciliated and confirmed. It was commonly ſaid of the "Act of Oblivion and Indemnity," that the King had paſſed an "act of oblivion for his friends, and of indemnity for his enemies." The famous divine, Dr. Iſaac Barrow, who may be accepted as a fair exponent of the views of the Royaliſts at this juncture, conveyed, in the following diſtich, his ſenſe of the inattention he experienced:

"Te magis optavit rediturum, Carole, nemo,
Et nemo ſenſit te rediiſſe minus."

"Oh! how my breaſt did ever burn
To ſee my lawful King return;
Yet whilſt his happy fate I bleſs,
No one has felt his influence leſs."]

To the tune of "I tell thee, Dick."

COME, Jack, let's drink a pot of ale,
And I ſhall tell thee ſuch a tale,
Will make thy ears to ring;
My coin is ſpent, my time is loſt,
And I this only fruit can boaſt,
That once I ſaw my King.

But this doth moſt afflict my mind:
I went to Court in hope to find
Some of my friends in place;
And walking there I had a ſight
Of all the crew, but, by this light!
I hardly knew one face.

'S' life! of ſo many noble ſparks,
Who on their bodies bear the marks
Of their integrity;
And ſuffered ruin of eſtate,
It was my damned unhappy fate,
That I not one could ſee.

Not one, upon my life, among
My old acquaintance all along
At Truro and before;
And I ſuppoſe the place can ſhew
As few of thoſe whom thou didſt know
At York or Marſton Moor.

But truly there are ſwarms of thoſe
Who lately were our chiefeſt foes,
Of pantaloons and muffs;
Whilſt the old ruſty Cavalier
Retires, or dare not once appear,
For want of coin and cuffs.

When none of theſe I could deſcry,
Who better far deſerved than I,
  Calmly I did reflect;
" Old ſervices (by rule of State)
Like almanacs grow out of date,—
  What then can I expect?"

Troth! in contempt of fortune's frown,
I'll get me fairly out of town,
  And in a cloiſter pray,
That ſince the ſtars are yet unkind
To Royaliſts, the King may find
  More faithful friends than they.

AN ECHO TO THE CAVALIER'S COMPLAINT.

MARVEL, Dick, that having been
So long abroad, and having ſeen
The world as thou haſt done,
Thou ſhould'ſt acquaint me with a tale
As old as Neſtor, and as ſtale
As that of *Prieſt and Nun.*

Are we to learn what is a court?
A pageant made for Fortune's ſport,
Where merits ſcarce appear;
For baſhful merit only dwells
In camps, in villages, and cells;
Alas! it dwells not there.

Deſert is nice in its addreſs,
And merit oftimes doth oppreſs,
Beyond what guilt would do;
But they are ſure of their demands
That come to Court with golden hands,
And brazen faces too.

The King, they ſay, doth ſtill profeſs
To give his party ſome redreſs,
And cheriſh honeſty;
But his good wiſhes prove in vain,
Whoſe ſervice with his ſervants' gain
Not always doth agree.

All princes (be they ne'er ſo wiſe)
Are fain to ſee with others' eyes,
But ſeldom hear at all;
And courtiers find their intereſt,
In time to feather well their neſt,
Providing for their fall.

Our comfort doth on time depend,
Things when at their worſt will mend;
And let us but reflect
On our condition t' other day,
When none but tyrants bore the ſway—
What did we then expect?

Meanwhile a calm retreat is beſt,
But diſcontent (if not ſuppreſt)
Will breed diſloyalty;
This is the conſtant note I ſing,
I have been faithful to my King,
And ſo ſhall ever be.

A TURN-COAT OF THE TIMES:

WHO DOTH BY EXPERIENCE PROFESS AND PROTEST
THAT OF ALL PROFESSIONS, A TURN-COAT 'S THE BEST.

[This, like the preceding ballad, is obviouſly penned by ſome diſappointed Royaliſt, and exhibits the culpable partiality of the reſtored King in the diſpenſation of his favours.]

AS I was walking thro'
Hyde Park as I uſ'd to do,
Some two or three months ago,
I laid me all along,
Without any fear of wrong,
And liſten'd unto a ſong:
It came from a powder'd thing,
As fine as a lord or a king;
He knew not that I
Was got ſo nigh,
And thus he began to ſing.

I am a Turn-coat knave,
Altho' I do bear it brave,
And do not ſhew all that I have;
I can, with tongue and pen,
Court every ſort of men,
And kill 'em as faſt agen:

With zealots I can pray,
With Cavaliers I can play;
With ſhop-keepers I
Can cog and lie,
And cozen as faſt as they.

When firſt the wars began,
And 'prentices led the van,
'Twas I that did ſet them on;
When they cry'd Biſhops down,
In country, court, and town,
Quoth I, and have at the Crown:
The Covenant I did take,
For form and faſhion's ſake,
But when it would not
Support my plot,
'Twas like an old Almanack.

When Independency
Had ſuperiority,
I was of the ſame degree;
When Keepers did command,
I then had a holy hand
In Deans' and in Chapters' land;
But when I began to ſpy
Protectorſhip drew nigh,
And Keepers were
Thrown o'er the bar,
Old Oliver! then cry'd I.

When Sectariſts got the day,
I uſ'd my *yea* and *nay*,
To flatter and then betray;
In Parliament I gat,
And there a Member ſat,
To tumble down Church and State,
For I was a truſty trout,
In all that I went about,
And there we did vow
To ſit till now,
But Oliver turn'd us out.

We put down the Houſe of Peers,
We kill'd the Cavaliers,
And tippl'd the widows' tears;
We ſequeſter'd men's eſtates,
And made 'em pay monthly rates
To trumpeters and their mates.
Rebellion we did print,
And alter'd all the Mint;
No knavery then
Was done by men
But I had a finger in't.

When Charles was put to flight,
Then I was at Wor'ſter fight,
And got a good booty by 't;

At that moſt fatal fall
I kill'd and plunder'd all,
The weakeſt went to the wall;
Whilſt my merry mates fell on,
To pillaging I was gone,
There is many (thought I)
Will come by and bye,
And why ſhould not I be one.

We triumph'd like the Turk,
We crippl'd the Scottiſh Kirk,
That ſet us firſt to work;
When Cromwell did but frown,
They yielded every town,
St. Andrew's Croſs went down;
But when old Noll did dye,
And Richard his ſon put by,
I knew not how
To guide my plow,
Where now ſhall I be? thought I.

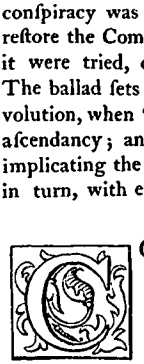
I muſt confeſs the Rump
Did put me in a dump,
I knew not what would be trump;
When Dick had loſt the day,
My gaming was at a ſtay,
I could not tell what to play;

When Monk was upon that ſcore
I thought I would play no more,
I did not think what
He would be at,
I ne'er was ſo mumpt before.

But now I am at Court,
With men of the better ſort,
And purchaſe a good report;
I have the eyes and ears
Of many brave noble peers,
And ſlight the poor Cavaliers,
Poor knaves, they know not how
To flatter, cringe, and bow,
For he that is wiſe,
And means to riſe,
He muſt be a Turn-coat too.

THE OLD CLOAK.

[In the autumn of 1663, whilſt the King and his newly-married Queen were making a tour of pleaſure in the weſtern provinces, a conſpiracy was diſcovered, carried on by the old Republicans, to reſtore the Commonwealth; for which twenty perſons concerned in it were tried, convicted, and ſuffered early in the following year. The ballad ſets forth all the evils conſequent upon the former revolution, when "the old cloak," or Preſbyterian party, gained the aſcendancy; and concludes, as is uſual in the ſatires of the time, by implicating the Papiſts, who were ſuppoſed to aſſociate themſelves, in turn, with every diſaffected party in the State.]



OME buy my new Ballet,
I have 't in my wallet,
But 'twill not, I fear, pleaſe ev'ry pallet;
Then mark what in ſooth
I ſwear by my youth,
That every line in my wallet is truth;
A Ballad of wit, a brave Ballad of worth,
'Tis newly printed, and newly come forth:
'Twas made of a Cloak that fell out with a Gown,
That crampt all the Kingdom, and crippl'd the Crown.

I tell you in brief,
A ſtory of grief,
Which happen'd when Cloak was commander-in-chief:

It tore *Common-prayers*,
Impriſon'd Lord Mayors;
In one day it voted down prelates and players;
It made people perjur'd, in point of obedience,
A Covenant cut off the Oath of Allegiance.
Then let us endeavor to pull this Cloak down,
That crampt all the Kingdom, and crippl'd the Crown.

It was a black Cloak,
In good time be it ſpoke,
That kill'd many thouſands, but never ſtruck ſtroke;
With hatchet and rope
The forlorn hope,
Did join with the Devil to pull down the Pope:
It ſet all the Sects in the City to work,
And rather than fail, 'twould have brought in the Turk.
Then let us endeavor to pull the Cloak down,
That crampt all the Kingdom, and crippl'd the Crown.

It ſeiz'd on the Tower-guns,
Thoſe fierce demi-gorgons;
It brought in the Bag-pipes, and pull'd down the Organs;
The pulpits did ſmoke,
The churches did choke,
And all our Religion was turn'd to a Cloak:
It brought in lay-elders could not write nor read;
It ſet Public Faith up, and pull'd down the *Creed*.
Then let us endeavor to pull the Cloak down,
That crampt all the Kingdom, and crippl'd the Crown.

This pious Impoſter
Such fury did foſter,
It left us no penny, nor no *Pater-noſter*;
It threw to the ground
Ten Commandments down,
And ſet up twice twenty times ten of its own;
It routed the King and villains elected
To plunder all thoſe whom they thought diſaffected.
Then let us endeavor to pull the Cloak down,
That crampt all the Kingdom, and crippl'd the Crown.

To blind people's eyes,
This Cloak was ſo wiſe,
It took off Ship-money, but ſet up Exciſe *;
Men brought in their plate,
For reaſons of State,
And gave it to Tom Trumpeter and his mate:
In Pamphlets it writes many ſpecious epiſtles,
To cozen poor wenches of bodkins and whiſtles.
Then let us endeavor to pull the Cloak down,
That crampt all the Kingdom, and crippl'd the Crown.

In pulpits it mov'd,
And was much approv'd,
For crying out, "Fight the Lord's battles, belov'd!"

* The arbitrary manner in which the exciſe was levied, not only upon liquors but alſo upon proviſions, to ſupport the war againſt Charles I., diſguſted people, and more particularly the poorer claſſes, more than all the other meaſures of the Long Parliament. See note to page 25.

It bob-tail'd the Gown,
Put Prelacy down,
It trod on the Mitre to reach at the Crown;
And into the field it an army did bring,
To aim at the Council, but ſhot at the King.
Then let us endeavor to pull the Cloak down,
That crampt all the Kingdom, and crippl'd the Crown.

It raiſ'd up ſtates,
Whoſe politic pates
Do now keep their quarters on the City-gates:
To father and mother,
To ſiſter and brother,
It gave a Commiſſion to kill one another;
It took up men's horſes, at very low rates,
And plunder'd our goods to ſecure our eſtates.
Then let us endeavor to pull the Cloak down,
That crampt all the Kingdom, and crippl'd the Crown.

This Cloak did proceed
To a damnable deed,
It made the beſt mirror of Majeſty bleed;
Tho' Cloak did not do 't,
He ſet it on foot,
By rallying and calling his journeymen to 't

* An alluſion to the Scots ſelling Charles the Firſt to the Independents, who afterwards butchered him.

For never had come ſuch bloody diſaſter,
If Cloak had not firſt drawn a ſword at his Maſter.
Then let us endeavor to pull the Cloak down,
That crampt all the Kingdom, and crippl'd the Crown.

Let 's pray that the King,
And his Parliament,
In ſacred or ſecular things may be content;
So righteouſly firm,
And religiouſly free,
That Papiſts and Atheiſts ſuppreſſed may be:
And as there 's one Deity that doth over-rule us,
One Faith, and one Form, and one Church doth continue 's;
Then Peace, Truth, and Plenty, our Kingdom will crown,
And all Popiſh Plots and their Plotters ſhall down.

CLARENDON'S HOUSE-WARMING.

BY ANDREW MARVEL.

[Charles II., in the year 1664, granted to his Chancellor, the Earl of Clarendon, in conſideration of his lordſhip's eminent ſervices both at home and abroad, a valuable tract of land immediately fronting the royal palace of St. James's, whereon the earl determined to erect a ſuitable manſion for himſelf and heirs. The coſt of doing ſo, as too frequently happens, proved three times as great as the original eſtimate—amounting, in fact, to 60,000*l.* Thoſe who were intriguing at court for the downfall of the Chancellor, availed themſelves of the opportunity of expoſing, by all the means their ſpitefulneſs and ingenuity could ſuggeſt and invent, his reckleſs expenditure at a time when the nation was proſtrated by war, peſtilence, and fire; and ſucceeded as well in alienating from him the good will of the King, as exciting almoſt to madneſs the mind of the public againſt him. "Some called it (ſays Burnet) Dunkirk-houſe, intimating that it was built by his ſhare of the price of Dunkirk; others called it Holland-houſe, becauſe he was believed to be no friend to the war; ſo it was given out that he had money from the Dutch." The ſame authority informs us, that the unfortunate earl, when driven out of England, ordered his ſon to tell all his friends that if they could excuſe the vanity and folly of Clarendon-houſe, he would undertake to anſwer for all the reſt of his actions himſelf. In 1683, the houſe and lands ſurrounding it were purchaſed by Sir Thomas Bond, who demoliſhed the former, and erected on its ſite Bond and Albemarle-ſtreets.]

WHEN Clarendon had diſcern'd beforehand,
(As the *cauſe* can eaſily foretell the *effect*)
At once three Deluges * threat'ning our land,
'Twas the ſeaſon he thought to turn Architect.

As Mars, and Apollo, and Vulcan conſume;
While he the betrayer of England and Flander,
Like the king-fiſher chooſeth to build in the broom,
And neſtles in flames like the ſalamander.

But obſerving that mortals run often behind,
(So unreaſonable are the rates they buy at)
His omnipotence therefore much rather deſign'd
How he might create a houſe with a *fiat*.

He had read of Rhodope, a lady of Thrace,
Who was courted ſo often ere ſhe did marry;
And wiſh'd that his daughter had had as much grace
To erect him a Pyramid out of a quarry.†

But then recollecting how the harper, Amphyon,
Made Thebes dance aloft while he fiddl'd and ſung,

* Alluding to the plague, the great fire of London, and the diſgraceful war with the Dutch.

† A diſguſting alluſion to the clandeſtine marriage of the earl's eldeſt daughter to the Duke of York, afterwards James II.

He thought (as an inſtrument he was moſt free on)
To build with the Jews-trump of his own tongue.

Yet a precedent fitter in Virgil he found,
Of African Poultney, and Tyrian Dide,
That he begg'd for a Palace ſo much of his ground
As might carry the meaſure and name of an *hyde*.*

Thus daily his gouty invention him pain'd,
And all for to ſave the expenſes of brickbat,
That engine ſo fatal, which Denham had brain'd,
And too much reſembled his wife's chocalate.

But while theſe devices he all doth compare,
None ſolid enough ſeem'd for his ſtrong caſtor;
He himſelf would not dwell in a caſtle of air,
Though he had built full many a one for his Maſter.

Already he had got all our money and cattle,
To buy us for ſlaves, and purchaſe our lands;
What Joſeph by famine, he wrought by ſea-battle †,—
Nay ſcarce the prieſt's portion could 'ſcape from his hands.

And hence like Pharoah that Iſrael 'preſt
To make mortar and brick, yet allow'd 'em no ſtraw,
He cared not though Egypt's ten plagues us diſtreſt,
So he could to build but make policy law.

* The patronymic of the earl.

† 'Twas believed that the earl had been bribed by the Dutch to treat of a peace.

The Scotch forts and Dunkirk, but that they were ſold,
He would have demoliſht to raiſe up his walls;
Nay, e'en from Tangier have ſent back for the mould,
But that he had nearer the ſtones of St. Paul's. *

His wood would come in at an eaſier rate,
So long as the yards had a deal or a ſpar:
His friend in the Navy would not be ingrate,
To grudge him the timber who fram'd him the War.

To proceed with the model he call'd in his Allons —
The two Allons when jovial, who ply him with gallons—
The two Allons who ſerve his blind juſtice for ballance—
The two Allons who ſerve his injuſtice for talons.†

They approve it thus far and ſaid it was fine,
Yet his Lordſhip to finiſh it would be unable,
Unleſs all abroad he divulg'd the deſign,
For his houſe then would grow like a vegetable.

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* Part of the Houſe was built with ſtones deſigned, before the civil war, for the repair of Old St. Paul's. The Chancellor was accuſed of turning to a profane uſe what he had purchaſed with a bribe.

† The two Allons, or Allens, were probably members of the Vintners' Company. Clarendon Houſe was built (ſays Eachard) in the Chancellor's abſence in the Plague-year, principally at the charge of the Vintners' Company, who, deſigning to monopoliſe his favour, made it abundantly more large and magnificent than ever he intended or deſired.

His rent would no more in arrear run to Wor'ſter*;
He ſhould dwell more noble, and cheap too at home,
While into a fabrick the preſents would muſter,
As by hook and by crook the world cluſter'd of atom.

He liked th' advice, and then ſoon it aſſayed,
And preſents crowd head-long to give good example:
So the bribes overlaid her that Rome once betrayed:
The Tribes ne'er contributed ſo to the Temple.†

Strait judges, prieſts, biſhops, true ſons of the ſeal,
Sinners, governors, farmers, bankers, patentees,
Bring in the whole mite of a year at a meal,
As the Cheddar clubs dairy to th' incorporate cheeſe.

Bulteel's, Beaken's, Morley, Wren's fingers with telling
Were ſhrivell'd, and Clutterbuck, Eager's and Kips;
Since the Act of Oblivion was never ſuch ſelling,
As at this Benevolence out of the ſnips.‡

* Alluding to Worceſter Houſe, in the Strand, where the Earl reſided before building Clarendon Houſe.

† Lord Dartmouth relates, in his notes on Burnet, that Clarendon Houſe was chiefly furniſhed with Cavaliers' goods, brought thither for peace-offerings.

‡ In reference to this voluntary contribution made by the people to Charles II., with which Marvel compares the "peace-offerings" of the Cavaliers to the Chancellor, Pepys writes in his *Diary* (31ſt Auguſt, 1661):—"The Benevolence proves ſo little, and an occaſion of ſo much diſcontent everywhere, that it had better it had never been ſet up. I think to ſubſcribe 20*l.* We are at our office quiet, only for lack of money all things go to rack. Our very bills offered to be ſold upon the Exchange at 10 per cent. loſs."

'Twas then that the Chimney-contractors he ſmok'd;
Nor would take his beloved Canary in kind;
But he ſwore that the patent ſhould ne'er be revok'd —
No! would the whole Parliament ſalute him behind.

Like Jove under Ætna, o'erwhelming the giant,
For foundation the Briſtol ſunk in the earth's bowel;
And St. John muſt now for the leads be compliant,
Or his right hand ſhall elſe be cut off with a trowel.

For ſurveying the building 'twas Prat did the feat,
But for th' expenſe he rely'd on Worſtenholm,
Who ſat heretofore at the King's receipt,
But receiv'd now and paid the Chancellor's cuſtom.

By ſubſidies thus both cleric and laic,
And with matter profane cemented with holy,
He finiſht at laſt his palace moſaic,
By a model more excellent than Leſly's folly.*

And upon the *turrus*, to conſummate all,
A lanthorn, like Fawk's, ſurveys the burnt Town,
And ſhews on the top, by the regal gilt ball,
Where you are t' expect the *Sceptre and Crown*.†

* Alluding to Dr. John Leſlie, the famous linguiſt and biſhop of the Orkneys, whence he was tranſlated to the ſee of Raphoe in Ireland (1633), where he built a palace, ſo ſtrongly fortified, that he was the laſt who ſurrendered to the arms of Cromwell.

† A ſimilar idea occurs in another and ſeverer contemporary lampoon quoted by Diſraeli, in his *Curioſities of Literature*:—

Fond City! its rubbiſh and ruins that builds
Like chymiſts vain, a flow'r from its aſhes returning*;
Your metropolis-house is in St. James' Fields,
And till there you remove, you ſhall never leave burning.

This Temple, of War and of Peace is the ſhrine,
Where this Idol of State ſits ador'd and accurſt;
And to handſel his altar and noſtrils divine,
Great Buckingham's † sacrifice muſt be the firſt.

Lo! his whole ambition already divides
The ſceptre between the Stuarts and Hydes;
Behold! in the depth of our plague and wars,
He built him a palace outbraves the ſtars,
Which Houſe (we Dunkirk, he Clarendon names)
Looks down with ſhame upon Saint James;
But 'tis not his golden-globe will ſave him,
Being leſs than the Cuſtom-houſe farmers gave him;
His chapel for conſecration calls,
Whoſe ſacrilege plunder'd the ſtones from St. Pauls.
When Queen Dido landed, ſhe bought as much ground
As the *hide* of a luſty fat ox would ſurround;
But when the ſaid *hide* was cut into thongs,
A city and kingdom to *Hyde* belongs;
So here in court, church, and country far and wide,
Here's nought to be ſeen but *Hyde! Hyde! Hyde!*
Of old, and where law the kingdom divides,
'Twas our *hides* of land, 'tis now our land of *Hydes*.

* The reſurrection, or *palingeneſis*, of incinerated plants by means of fermentation, was one of thoſe philoſophical amuſements that captivated the mind in the ſeventeenth century, much in the ſame manner as ſpirit-rapping, table-turning, &c., in our day.

† The Chancellor, by his grave and haughty conduct, had rendered himſelf extremely obnoxious to Buckingham and the other

Now ſome (as all builders muſt cenſure abide)
Throw duſt in its front, and blame ſituation;
And others as much reprehend his backſide,
As too narrow by far for his expatiation;

But do not conſider how in proceſs of times
That for name-ſake he may with Hyde-park it enlarge,
And with that convenience he ſoon for his crimes
At Tyburn may land, and ſpare the Tower barge:

Or rather how wiſely his ſtall was built near,
Leſt with driving too far his tallow impair;
When like the good ox, for public good cheer,
He comes to be roaſted next St. James' fair.

---

licentious perſons about the court. "He often (ſays Eachard) took liberty to give ſuch reproofs to theſe perſons of wit and gallantry as were very unacceptable to them; and ſometimes thought it his duty to adviſe the King himſelf in ſuch a manner, as they took advantage of him, and as he paſſed the court would often ſay, "There goes your ſchoolmaſter!" The chief of thoſe was the Duke of Buckingham, who had a ſurpriſing talent of ridicule and hypocriſy; and that he might make way to his ruin, he often did act and mimic this great man in the preſence of the King, walking ſtately with a pair of bellows before him for the *purſe*, and Col. Titus carrying a fire-ſhovel on his ſhoulder for the *mace*, with which ſort of banter and farce the King was too much delighted and captivated."

ON THE LORD MAYOR AND COURT OF ALDERMEN PRESENTING THE KING AND THE DUKE OF YORK WITH A COPY OF THEIR FREEDOM.

BY ANDREW MARVEL.

[In November, 1674, on the acceſſion of Sir Robert Vyner to the mayoralty, Charles the Second was magnificently entertained at the Guildhall; when he was pleaſed to accept the freedom of the city, the copy and ſeal of which were conveyed with great pomp to his palace at Whitehall, in two boxes of maſſive gold. In the *Spectator* (No. 462) is told the ſtory of Sir Robert Vyner's ſucceſsfully urging the King, at this entertainment, "to return and take t'other bottle." The author of this ballad was diſguſted at the ſycophancy of the citizens of London, who had lately been ſo groſſly defrauded by Charles, when he ſuddenly cloſed the Exchequer.]

HE Londoners Gent. to the King do preſent
In á box the City Maggot;
'Tis a thing full of weight that requires the might
Of the Guildhall team to drag it.

Whilſt their churches unbuilt, their houſes undwelt,
And their orphans want bread to feed 'em;
Themſelves they've bereft of the little wealth they had left,
To make an offering of their "freedom."

O yé addled-brain'd cits! who, henceforth in their wits,
Would entruſt their youth to your heading,—
When in diamonds and gold you have him thus enroll'd,
You know both his friends and his breeding—?

Beyond ſea he began, where ſuch a riot he ran,
That every one there did leave him;
And now he's come o'er ten times worſe than before,
When none but ſuch fools would receive him!

He ne'er knew, not he, how to ſerve or be free,
Though he has paſt through ſo many adventures;
But e'er ſince he was bound (that is, he was crown'd)
He has every day broke his Indentures.

He ſpends all his days in running to plays,
When he ſhould in the ſhop be ſtaying;
And he waſtes all his nights in his conſtant delights
Of revelling, drinking, and playing.

Throughout Lombard Street, each man he did meet,
He would run on the ſcore and borrow;
When they aſk'd for their own he was broke and gone,
And his creditors left to ſorrow.*

* The citizens of London were the principal ſufferers by the ſudden ſhutting up of the Exchequer two years previouſly. The Lord Mayor, Sir Robert Vyner, loſt upwards of 400,000*l.* by that unparalleled act of fraud.

Tho' oft bound to the peace, yet he never would ceaſe
To vex his poor neighbours with quarrels;
And when he was beat, he ſtill made his retreat
To his Clevelands, his Nells, and his Carwells.

Nay, his company lewd, were twice grown ſo rude,
That had not fear taught him ſobriety;
And the Houſe being well barr'd, with guard upon guard,
They'd robb'd us of all our propriety.

Such a plot was laid, had not Aſhley betray'd,
As had cancell'd all former diſaſters,
And your wives had been ſtrumpets to his Highneſs' trumpets,
And foot-boys had all been your maſters.

So many are the debts, for his numerous brats,
Which muſt all be defray'd by London;
That notwithſtanding the care of Sir Thomas Player *,
The chamber muſt needs be undone.

His words, nor his oath, can bind him to troth,
And he values not credit or hiſtory;
And tho' he has ſerv'd thro' two 'prenticeſhips now,
He knows not his trade or myſtery.

* The Chamberlain of the City.

Then London rejoice in thy fortunate choice
To have made him free of thy ſpices;
And do not miſtruſt he may once grow more juſt,
When he 'as worn off his folly and vices.

And what little thing is that which you bring
To the Duke, the kingdom's darling—?
Ye hug it and draw, like ants at a ſtraw,
Tho' too ſmall for the griſtle of Sterling.

Is it a box of pills to cure the Duke's ills
(He is too far gone to begin it!)
Or, does your fine ſhow in proceſſioning go
With the pix and the hoſt within it—?

The very firſt head of the oath you him read,
Show you all how fit he 's to govern;
When in heart (you all knew) he ne'er was, nor will be true
To his country, or to his ſovereign.

And who could ſwear, that he would forbear
To cull out the good of an alien,
Who ſtill doth advance the government of France,
With a wife and religion Italian—?

And now, worſhipful ſirs, go fold up your furs,
And Vyners turn again, turn again,
I ſee who e'er's freed, you for ſlaves are decreed,
Until you *burn again, burn again.**

* Alluding to the great fire of London in 1666.

THE HISTORY OF INSIPIDS.

BY JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

[Biſhop Burnet relates, in his *Life of Rocheſter*, that the Earl once, being drunk, intended to preſent King Charles the Second with a libel that he had written on ſome ladies connected with the Court; but by a miſtake he handed him one written on himſelf. If this is the libel in queſtion, the merry monarch muſt have been very much of Andrew Marvel's opinion, that the profligate earl "was a man who had the true vein of ſatire in him." Probably no ſeverer lampoon than this was ever penned; certainly no one more richly merited it than the object of it; and, unhappily, no one was leſs affected by ſuch expoſures than the regal penſioner of France. Rocheſter was not the only one who expoſed to his face the unpatriotic and ſenſual conduct of the King. Pepys records Tom Killigrew having told Charles, in the preſence of Cowley the poet, that matters were in a very ill ſtate, but yet there was one way to help all. "There is (ſaid he) a good, honeſt, able man, that I could name, that if your Majeſty would employ and command to ſee all things well executed, all things would ſoon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now ſpends his time employing his lips about the Court, and hath no other employment; he were the fitteſt man in the world to perform it." To this Pepys adds: "This is moſt true, but the King do not profit by any of this, but lays all aſide, and remembers nothing, but to his pleaſures again; which is a ſorrowful conſideration." *Diary*, 8 Dec. 1666.]

I.

CHASTE, pious, prudent Charles the Second,
The miracle of thy Reſtoration,
May like to that of quails be reckon'd,
Rain'd on the Iſraelitiſh nation:

The wiſh'd-for bleſſing from Heav'n ſent,
Became their curſe and puniſhment.

2.

The virtues in thee, Charles, inherent,
Albeit thy face is ſomewhat odd,
Proves thee as proper a vicegerent
As e'er was Harry ordain'd by God;
For chaſtity and pious deeds
His grandſire Harry, Charles exceeds.

3.

Our Romiſh bondage-breaker, Harry,
Eſpouſed half a dozen wives;
Charles only one reſolv'd to marry;
With other men's he never lives;—
Yet hath he ſons and daughters more
Than e'er had Harry by three ſcore.

4.

Never was ſuch a faith's defender,
He like a politic prince, and pious,
Gives liberty to conſcience tender,
And doth to no religion tie us:
Jews, Turks, Chriſtians, Papiſts, he'll pleaſe us
With Moſes, Mahomet, or Jeſus.

5.

In all affairs of Church or State,
He very zealous is, and able;
Devout at pray'rs, and ſits up late,
At the Cabal and Council-table;
His very dog at Council-board
Sits grave and wiſe as any lord.

6.

Let Charles his policy no man flout,
The wiſeſt kings have all ſome folly;
Nor let his piety any doubt;
Charles, like a ſovereign wiſe and holy,
Makes young men judges of the bench,
And biſhops thoſe that love a wench.

7.

His father's foes he doth reward,
Preſerving thoſe that cut off 's head;
Old Cavaliers, the Crown's beſt guard,
He lets them ſtarve for want of bread:
Never was any king indued
With ſo much grace and gratitude.

8.

Blood*, that wears treaſon in his face,
Villain complete, in parſon's gown,—

* The noted deſperado, Colonel Thomas Blood, who, notwithſtanding his atrocious attempt to murder the Duke of Ormond, and,

How much is he at Court in grace
For ſtealing Ormond and the crown!
Since loyalty does no man good,
Let's ſteal the King and out-do Blood.

9.

A Parliament of knaves and ſots,
Members by name you muſt not mention,
He keeps in pay, and buys their votes,
Here with a place, there with a penſion:
When to give money he can't cologue 'em,
He doth with ſcorn prorogue, prorogue 'em.*

in the ſame year (1670), diſguiſed as a prieſt, to ſteal the regalia from the Tower, was not only freely pardoned, but liberally penſioned by Charles!

* Marvel has alſo expoſed this common expedient of the King in the following ſtinging epigram:

"There's a Houſe to be let,
For Charles Bawd ſwore,
By infamous Portſmouth,
He wou'd ſhut up the door.
Inquire at the lodgings,
Next door to the Pope,
At Duke Lauderdale's head,
With a cravat of rope.
And there you will hear
How next he will let it;
If you pay the old price
You will certainly get it.
He holds it in tail
From his father, who faſt
Did keep it long ſhut,
But paid for't at laſt."

10.

But they long ſince by too much giving,
Undid, betray'd, and ſold the nation;
Making their memberſhips a living,
Better than e'er was ſequeſtration:
God give thee, Charles, a reſolution
To damn the knaves by diſſolution.

11.

Fame is not grounded on ſucceſs,
Though victories were Cæſar's glory;
Loſt battles make not Pompey leſs,
But left them ſtiled great in ſtory:
Malicious fate doth oft deviſe
To beat the brave, and fool the wiſe.

12.

Charles in the firſt Dutch war ſtood fair
To have been ſovereign of the deep;
When Opdam blew up in the air*,
Had not his Highneſs† gone to ſleep:
Our fleet ſlack'd ſails, fearing his waking,
The Dutch elſe had been in ſad taking.

* Alluding to the memorable defeat of the Dutch, off Harwich, 3rd June, 1665, when the ſhip of Opdam, their admiral, blew up, and himſelf, with 500 of his men, periſhed in the exploſion. Rocheſter bore a part in that great ſea fight.

† The Duke of York. The charge of his having retired to reſt in order to avoid a continuance of the battle, was inveſtigated by Parliament, which exonerated the Duke.

13.

The Bergen* buſineſs was well laid,
Though we paid dear for that deſign;
Had we not three days parling ſtaid,
The Dutch fleet there, Charles, had been thine:
Though the falſe Dane agreed to ſell 'um,
He cheated us, and ſaved Skellum.

14.

Had not Charles ſweetly chouſ'd the States,
By Bergen-baffle grown more wiſe,
And made them pay him higher rates,
By their rich Smyrna fleet's ſurpriſe:
Had haughty Holms† but call'd in Spragg‡,
Horns had been put into a bag.

15.

Miſts, ſtorms, ſhort victuals, adverſe winds,
And once the natives' wiſe diviſion,

* The fort of Bergen, in Norway, in the harbour of which town the Dutch Eaſt India fleet had taken refuge, where, with the connivance of the King of Denmark (the port being a neutral one), a deſperate attempt was made by the Engliſh to capture the merchantmen, which alone were valued at 25,000,000 livres. The failure of this enterpriſe, in which Rocheſter alſo bore a part, created much unpleaſant ſpeculation at the time.

† Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Holms, known in his day as "the curſed beginner of the two Dutch wars."

‡ Admiral Sir Edward Spragg, who was ſubſequently drowned (1673).

Defeated Charles his beſt deſigns,
Till he became his foes deriſion:
But he had ſwing'd the Dutch at Chatham,
Had he had ſhips but to come at 'em.

16.

Our Blackheath hoſt, without diſpute,
Raiſ'd (put on board, why no man knows)
Muſt Charles have render'd abſolute,
Over his ſubjects or his foes:
Has not the French King made us fools,
By taking Maeſtricht with our tools?

17.

But Charles, what could thy object be
To run ſo many ſad diſaſters;
To join thy fleet with falſe D'Eſtrées†,
To make the French of Holland maſters?

---

* Alluding to the national diſgrace, when the Dutch ſailed up the Medway (11th June, 1667), captured Sheerneſs, burnt the magazines and ſeveral men of war, and blew up the fortifications.

† The French Admiral, Count D'Eſtrées, who was aſſociated with, but rendered little aſſiſtance to, the Duke of York and Lord Sandwich, when they were oppoſed to the Dutch in Solebay (28th May, 1672). Rocheſter, of courſe, was ignorant of the diſgraceful arrangements which had been privately entered into between Charles and Louis.

Was 't Carwell*, Brother James, or Teague,
That made thee break the Triple-league?

18.

Could Robin Viner† have foreſeen
The glorious triumphs of his maſter,

---

* Louiſe de Quéroualle (which the Engliſh pronounced "Carwell"), Ducheſs of Portſmouth, and one of the King's miſtreſſes. She was alſo the reputed ſpy of Louis XIV. Her portrait is thus deſcribed in 1682, when ſhe had paſſed the meridian of life:

"Who can on this picture look,
And not ſtraight be wonder-ſtruck,
That ſuch a ſneaking dowdy thing
Shou'd make a beggar of a king;
Three happy nations turn to tears,
And all their former love to fears;
Ruin the great and raiſe the ſmall,
Yet will by turns betray them all.
Lowly born and meanly bred,
Yet of this nation ſhe is head:
For half Whitehall makes her their court,
Tho' t'other half makes her their ſport.
Monmouth's tamer, Jeffrey's advance,
Foe to England, ſpy to France;
Falſe and fooliſh, proud and bold,
Ugly, as you ſee, and old."

† Sir Robert Vyner, Lord Mayor of London in 1675. He converted an equeſtrian ſtatue of John Sobieſki, King of Poland, into the repreſentation of Charles II., and ſet it up at the north end of St. Mary Woolnoth Church, Lombard Street. This ſtatue excited the wit of the contemporary ſatiriſts, as much as the circumſtances

The Wool-church ſtatue gold had been,
Which now is made of alabaſter:
But wiſe men think, had it been wood,
'Twere for a bankrupt King too good.

19.

Thoſe that the fabric well conſider,
Do of it diverſely diſcourſe;
Some paſs their cenſure on the rider,
Others their judgment on the horſe;
Moſt ſay the ſteed's a goodly thing,
But all agree 'tis a lewd King.

---

under which it was placed there. It is thus deſcribed in another lampoon of the day:

"By all it appears, from the firſt to the laſt,
To be as revenge and malice forecaſt,
Upon the King's birthday to ſet up a thing
That ſhows him a monkey more like than a king.
When each one that paſſes finds fault with the horſe,
Yet all do aſſure that the King is much worſe:
And ſome by the likeneſs Sir Robert ſuſpect
That he did for the King his own ſtatue erect.
To ſee him ſo diſguiſed the herb-women chide,
Who upon panniers more decently ride;
And ſo looſe are his feet that all men agree,
Sir William Peak fits much faſter than he.
But a market, they ſay, doth fit the King well,
Who oft Parliaments buys and revenues ſell;
And others, to make the ſimilitude hold,
Say his Majeſty himſelf is oft bought and ſold."

20.

By the Lord Mayor and his grave coxcombs,
Freeman of London Charles is made;
Then to Whitehall a rich gold box comes,
Which was beſtow'd on the French jade:
But wonder not it ſhould be ſo, ſirs,
When monarchs rank themſelves with grocers.*

21.

Cringe, ſcrape no more, ye City fops,
Leave off your feaſting and fine ſpeeches;
Beat up your drums, ſhut up your ſhops,
The Courtiers then will kiſs your breeches:
Arm'd, tell the Popiſh Duke† that rules,
You're free-born ſubjects, not French mules.

22.

New upſtarts, pimps, baſtards, wh—s,
That locuſt-like devour the land,
By ſhutting up the Exchequer doors‡,
When thither our money was trepann'd;

* Vide p. 185.

† James, Duke of York.

‡ Alluding to the King's flagitious conduct on the 2nd Jan. 1672, when, during the prorogation of Parliament, he ſuddenly cloſed the Exchequer, — an act which amounted to an avowal of national bankruptcy, and which had the immediate effect of ſpreading ruin far and wide, and of entirely uprooting credit. By this iniquitous proceeding Charles pocketed 1,300,000*l.*

Have rendered Charles his Reſtoration
But a ſmall bleſſing to the nation.

23.

Then, Charles, beware thy brother York,
Who to thy government gives law;
If once we fall to the old ſport,
You muſt again both to Breda:
Where ſpite of all that would reſtore you,
Grown wiſe by wrongs, we ſhall abhor you.

24.

If all Chriſtian blood the guilt
Cries loud for vengeance unto heaven—
That ſea by treacherous Louis ſpilt,
Can never be by God forgiven;
Worſe ſcourge unto his ſubjects, Lord!
Than peſtilence, famine, fire, or ſword.

25.

That falſe, rapacious Wolf of France*,
The ſcourge of Europe and its curſe;
Who at his ſubjects' cry does dance,
And ſtudies how to make 'em worſe:
To ſay ſuch kings, Lord, rule by thee,
Were moſt prodigious blaſphemy!

* Louis XIV.

26.

Such know no laws but their own luſt;
Their ſubjects' ſubſtance and their blood,
They count it tribute true and juſt,
Still ſpent and ſpilt for ſubjects' good:
If ſuch kings are by God appointed,
The Devil may be the Lord's anointed.

27.

Such kings (curſt be the power and name!)
Let all the world henceforth abhor 'em;
Monſters which knaves ſacred proclaim,
And then like ſlaves fall down before 'em:
What can there be in Kings divine—
The moſt are wolves, goats, ſheep, or ſwine!

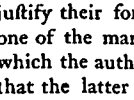
28.

Then farewell ſacred majeſty,
Let's pull all brutiſh tyrants down;
Where men are born and ſtill live free,
Here ev'ry head does wear a crown:
Mankind, like the unhappy frogs,
Prove wretched, king'd by Storks and Logs.

THE GENEVA BALLAD.

[The gradual development of Charles' deſpotic character and aims, and more particularly his ſuſpected attachment to popery, not only gave offence and alarm to all moderate and well-meaning men in the country, but called into activity once more the Republican or Preſbyterian faction, which could now, with ſome ſhow of reaſon, juſtify their former oppoſition to his father and himſelf. This is one of the many ſervile ballads ſent abroad by the Court party, in which the author retorts upon the ſuſpicious Preſbyterian the charges that the latter uſually preferred againſt the Papiſts, namely, that they ſought to override both Church and State.]

To the tune of 48.



F all the factions in the Town,
Mov'd by French ſprings or Flemiſh wheels,
None treads Religion upſide down,
Or tears pretences out at heels,
Like *Splay-mouth** with his brace of caps,
Whoſe conſcience might be ſcann'd perhaps
By the dimenſions of his chaps.

He whom the Siſters ſo adore,
Counting his actions all divine,
Who, when the Spirit hints, can roar,
And if occaſion ſerves can whine:

* The nick-name commonly applied to the Preſbyterian body both during the Rebellion and after the Reſtoration.

Nay, he can bellow, bray, and bark.
Was ever ſuch a Beuk-learn'd Clerk,
That ſpeaks all linguas of the Ark?

To draw in proſelytes like bees,
With pleaſing twang he tones his proſe,
He gives his handkerchief a ſqueeze,
And draws John Calvin through his noſe.
Motive on motive he obtrudes,
With ſlip-ſtockin ſimilitudes,
Eight uſes more—and ſo concludes.

When Monarchy began to bleed,
And Treaſon had a fine new name;
When Thames was balderdaſh'd with Tweed,
And pulpits did with beacons flame;
When Jeroboam's calves were rear'd,
And Laud was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
This Goſpel-comet firſt appear'd.

Soon his unhallow'd fingers ſtripp'd
His Sov'reign Liege of power and land,
And, having ſmote his Maſter, ſlipp'd
His ſword into his fellow's hand.
But he that wears his eyes may note,
Ofttimes the butcher binds a goat,
And leaves his boy to cut her throat.

Poor England felt his fury then
Outweigh'd Queen Mary's many grains;
His very preaching ſlew more men,
Than Bonner's faggots, ſtakes, and chains.
With dog-ſtar zeal and lungs like Boreas,
He fought and taught; and what's notorious,
Deſtroy'd his Lord to make him glorious!

Yet drew for King and Parliament,
As if the wind could ſtand North-South;
Broke Moſes' Law with bleſt intent,
Murther'd and then he wip'd his mouth:
Oblivion alters not his caſe,
Nor clemency, nor acts of grace,
Can blanch an Ethiopian's face.

Ripe for Rebellion he begins
To rally upon the Saints in ſwarms,
He bawls aloud, *Sirs, leave your ſins;*
But whiſpers, *Boys, ſtand to your arms.*
Thus he's grown inſolently rude,
Thinking his gods can't be ſubdu'd—
Money, I mean, and *Multitude.*

Magiſtrates he regards no more
Than St. George or the Kings of Colen;
Vowing he 'll not conform before
The old wives wind their dead in wollen.

He calls the biſhop Grey-beard Goff,
And makes his power a mere ſcoff,
As Dagon, when his hands were off.

Hark! how he opens with full cry!
Halloo, my hearts, beware of ROME!
Cowards that are afraid to die
Thus make domeſtic broils at home.
How quietly great Charles might reign,
Would all theſe Hotſpurs croſs the main,
And preach down Popery in Spain!

The ſtarry rule of Heaven is fixt,
There's no diſſenſion in the ſky:
And can there be a mean betwixt
Confuſion and Conformity?
A place divided never thrives:
'Tis bad where hornets dwell in hives,
But worſe where children play with knives.

I would as ſoon turn back to maſs,
Or change my phraſe to *Thee* and *Thou*;
Let the Pope ride me like an aſs,
And his prieſts milk me like a cow:
As buckle to Smectymnuan laws,
The bad effects o' th' *Good Old Cauſe*,
That have dove's plumes, but vulture's claws.

For 'twas the Haly Kirk that nurſ'd
The Browniſt's and the Ranter's crew;
Foul Error's motly veſture firſt
Was oaded * in a Northern blue.
And what's th' enthuſiaſtic breed,
Or men of Knipperdoling's creed,
But Cov'nanters run up to ſeed?

Yet they all cry, *They love the King*,
And make boaſt of their innocence:
There cannot be ſo vile a thing,
But may be color'd with pretence.
Yet when all's ſaid, one thing I'll ſwear,
No ſubject like th' *old Cavalier*,
No traitor like *Jack Preſbyter*.

* Dyed.

TITUS TELLTROTH.

[The unparalleled fictions of Titus Oates (the ſubject of this and innumerable ballads), no doubt, would have ſpeedily conſigned their wretched author to Tyburn inſtead of to Whitehall, but for the unfortunate and myſterious death of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, (who had taken his evidence,) happening about the same time, an event which confirmed the deluſions of the people, and rendered their prejudices abſolutely incurable. "Thenceforward," remarks Hume, "to deny the reality of the [Popiſh] plot was to be an accomplice; to heſitate was criminal." This ballad iſſued from the prolific preſs of Nat Thompſon, the Romaniſt, and was penned by one Banks, as appears from a ſtanza in *Thompſon-Tell-Lies*, a contemporary broadſide:

"Titus the light of the Town,
They call thee (and well they may);
But Banks that Papiſtical clown
Calls thee ſo in a jeering way.
He calls thee the ſcorn of the Court,
O! pity it ſhould be ſo;
What cattle do hither reſort
By abuſing of thee we know."]

To the tune of "Hail to the Myrtle ſhades."

HAIL to the Knight of the Poſt,
To Titus the chief of the town;
Titus, who vainly did boaſt
Of the Salamanca gown*;

* Oates paſſed the greater part of the year 1677 in Valladolid, where he joined the Society of the Jeſuits, with the ſole purpoſe, as he afterwards acknowledged, "of betraying them."

Titus, who ſaw the world o'er,
From the tower of Valladolid,
Yet ſtood in the White-Horſe door*,
And ſwore to it like a creed.

Titus at Wotton in May,
To Titus at Iſlington;
And Titus the ſelf-ſame day,
Both here and there again.
Titus, who never ſwore truth,
His politic plots to maintain,
And never yet baulked an oath,
When call'd to the teſt again.

Then Titus was meekeſt of all,
When never a penny in 's purſe,
And oft did on Pickering† call,
His charity to imburſe.
But when he ſwore damnable oaths,
And lying eſteem'd no ſin,
Then Titus was one of thoſe
Whom the Devil had enter'd in.

* Alluding to the White Horſe tavern, in the Strand, where Oates ſwore the Jeſuits concerted their "plot."

† Thomas Pickering, a Roman Catholic prieſt, and one of the earlieſt victims of Oates' perjury, notwithſtanding the fact of his having oftentimes befriended him in his poverty.

Then Titus the frown of heaven,
And Titus, a plague upon earth;
Titus, who'll ne'er be forgiven,
Curſ'd from his fatal birth;
Titus, the curſe and the doom
Of the rich and the poor man too—
O Titus, thou *ſhred of a loom**,
What a plague doſt thou mean to do?

Titus an orthodox beaſt,
And Titus a Preſbyter tall;
Titus a Popiſh prieſt,
And Titus the ſhame of them all†;
Titus, who ne'er had the ſkill,
The wiſe with his plots to deceive;
But Titus whoſe *tongue*‡ can kill,
Whom nature has made a ſlave.

Titus, the light of the town,
Where zealots and Whigs co-reſort;

* Alluding to the mean origin of Oates, whoſe father was originally a ribbon-weaver, but afterwards an Anabaptiſt preacher.

† Oates had miniſtered ſucceſſively in the churches of England and Rome, and amongſt the Baptiſts, with whom he finally remained.

‡ A punning alluſion to Dr. Ezrael Tonge, who had the credit of having inſtructed and qualified Oates for his deſperate undertaking. The doctor, however, was the firſt to reveal the "plot" to the government.

Titus, the ſhame of the gown,
And Titus the ſcorn of the Court*
Titus who ſpew'd out the truth,
To ſwallow the Covenant,
But never yet bluſh'd at an oath,
Whom lying has made a ſaint.

Yet Titus believ'd could be
Againſt any popiſh lord,
While ſtill againſt Shafteſbury
The witneſs and truth's abhorr'd:
So Titus got credit and gold †
For lying, and thought it no ſin;

* The King had from the beginning looked upon the Popiſh plot diſcoverers as little better than impoſtors.

† Parliament ſettled a penſion of 500*l.* *per ann.* upon Oates, which was ſubſequently increaſed to 1200*l.* as well as provided him with apartments in the palace of Whitehall. His ſucceſs in the reign of Charles is humorouſly contraſted with his too tardy puniſhment in that of James, in the following ſtanzas from a contemporary Scotch ballad:

"Sic a trade as Titus drave,
As Titus drave, as Titus drave,
When theſe three nations he did ſave,
He'll never drive again, jo.

"Ten pounds a-week he did receive,
And muckle mair the *godly* gave,
And there was nought but aſk and have,
The like was never ſeen, jo.

"But to Tyburn Titus trigs,
In company o' th' godly Whigs,
To dance and ſing Geneva jigs,
And there's an end o' him, jo."

But againſt Diſſenters bold
The truth is not worth a pin.

Thus Titus ſwore on a-pace
'Gainſt thoſe whom he never did ſee;
Yet Titus with brazen face,
Would our *preſerver* be:
But Titus, the foreman in truſt,
Diſcover'd this myſtery,
May Titus ſo be the firſt
That leads to the triple-tree.

INFORMATION.

[This ballad likewiſe refers to the Popiſh-plot mania, and was ſuggeſted, no doubt, by the over-zealous. "addreſs of the Lords ſpiritual and temporal," to the King, in which they prayed his Majeſty to iſſue a proclamation to the effect "that if any perſon or perſons ſhall, before the 25th day of December next [1678], make any further diſcovery of the late horrid deſigns againſt his Majeſty's ſacred perſon and government, . . . ſhall not only receive *for every ſuch diſcovery* the reward of 200*l.*," but, whether principal or not in the ſaid deſign, "ſhall have his Majeſty's gracious pardon." The very day on which this extraordinary proclamation was iſſued, Oates and his co-jurors proceeded ſo far as to accuſe the Queen herſelf before the Privy Council!]

To the tune of "Conventicles are grown ſo brief."

INFORMING of late is a notable trade:
For he that his neighbor intends to invade,
May pack him to Tyburn, no more's to be ſaid;
Such power hath information.

Be good and be juſt, and fight for your King,
Or ſtand for your country's honor,
And you're ſure by preciſe information to ſwing,
Such ſpells ſhe hath got upon her.

To ſix hundred and ſixty from forty-one,
She left not a biſhop or clergyman,
But compell'd both Church and State to run
By the ſtrength of the Nonconformiſt.
The dean and chapter, the ſceptre and crown,
(The lords and commons ſnarling)
By bleſt information came tumbling down;
Fair fruits of an over-long parling.

'Twas this that ſummon'd the bodkins all,
The thimbles and ſpoons to the City-hall,
When St. Hugh* to the babes of grace did call,
To prop up the *Cauſe* that was ſinking:
This made the cobler take the ſword,
The pedlar, and the weaver;
By the pow'r of the ſpirit, and not by the word,
Made the tinker wear cloak and beaver.

'Tis information from Valladolid †
Makes jeſuits, monks, and friars bleed;
Decapitates lords, and what not, indeed,
Doth ſuch damnable information?
It cities burnt, and ſtuck not to boaſt,
Without any ſinning or ſcruple,
Of forty thouſand black bills by the poſt
Brought in by the devil's pupil.

* Hugh Peters, the celebrated preacher in the days of the Commonwealth.

† Vide the preceding ballad.

This imp, with her jealouſies and fears,
Sets all men together by the ears,
Strikes at religion, and kingdoms tears,
By voting againſt the brother*:
This makes abhorrers, makes lords proteſt,
They know not why nor wherefore;
This ſtrikes at ſucceſſion, but aims at the reſt;
Pray look about you therefore.

This raiſeth armies in the air,
Imagining more than you need have to fear,
Keeps horſe under ground, and armies to tear
The cities and towns in ſunder.
'Twas this made the knight to Newark run,
With his *fidus Achates* behind him;
Who brought for the father one more like the ſon,
The devil and zeal did ſo blind him.

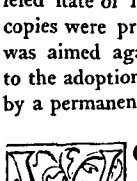
It ſtrips, it whips, it hangs, it draws,
It pillories alſo without any cauſe,
By falſely informing the judges and laws,
By a trick from Salamanca:
This hurly-burlies all the town,
Makes Smith and Harris prattle,
Who ſpare neither caſſock, cloak, nor gown,
In their paltry tittle-tattle.

* Alluding to the daily increaſing oppoſition to the ſucceſſion of the Duke of York.

'Tis information affrights us all,
By information we ſtand or fall,
Without information there's no plot at all,
And all is but information.
That Pickering ſtood in the Park with a gun,
And Godfrey by Berry was ſtrangled;
'Twas by information ſuch ſtories began,
Which the nation ſo much have entangled.

ON THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S SPEECH TO PARLIAMENT.

[This ballad was ſuggeſted by the ſpeech of the Earl of Shaftſbury, when he made his memorable motion in the Lords for a committee of the whole Houſe "to conſider the ſtate of the nation," 25th March, 1679, a period characteriſed above all others for alleged plots and conſpiracies, which kept the public mind in an unparalleled ſtate of ferment. The ſpeech (of which, it is ſaid, 30,000 copies were printed and circulated a few days after it was delivered) was aimed againſt the romanizing tendencies of the Court, and led to the adoption of Sir William Temple's ſtrange plan of government by a permanent council of thirty.]



OULD you ſend Kate * to Portugal,
Great James † to be a Cardinal,
And make Prince Rupert Admiral,
This is the time.

Would you turn Danby ‡ out of doors,
Baniſh rebels and French wh——,
The worſer ſort of common ſhores;
This is the time.

* Katharine, Infanta of Portugal, and Queen of Charles II.

† James, Duke of York, brother to the King.

‡ The Earl of Danby was at this time extremely obnoxious to Shaftſbury and the anti-court party, and, deſpite the King's efforts to ſhield him, was compelled to fly his country to eſcape the vengeance of his political opponents.

Would you exalt the mighty name
Of Shaftſbury and Buckingham *,
And not forget Judge Scroggs † his fame,
This is the time.

Would you our Sovereign diſabuſe,
And make his Parliament of uſe,
Not to be changed like dirty ſhoes,
This is the time.

Would you extirpate pimps and panders,
Diſband the reſt of our Commanders,
Send Mulgrave after Teague to Flanders,
This is the time.

Would you remove our miniſters,
The curſed cauſe of all our fears,
Without forgetting turn-coat Meres ‡,
This is the time.

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* Both theſe noblemen not only ſought for and obtained the freedom of the city of London, but alſo aſpired to the higheſt offices in it. Shaftſbury was pleaſed to be addreſſed by his *ſobriquet* of "the alderman."

† Sir William Scroggs, the infamous Lord Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench.

‡ Henry Booth, ſon of the firſt Lord de la Mere, created, in 1690, Earl of Warrington.

Would you once more bleſs this nation,
By changing of Portſmouth's * vocation,
And find one fit for procreation,
This is the time.

Would you let Portſmouth try her chance,
Believe Oats, Bedloe, Dugdale, Prance †,
And ſend Barillon ‡ into France,
This is the time.

Would you turn Papiſts from the Queen,
Cloiſter up fulſome Mazarine §,
Once more make Charles great again,
This is the time.

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* Louiſe de Quéroualle, Ducheſs of Portſmouth, the miſtreſs of the King, and the reputed ſpy of Louis XIV.

† Bedloe and Dugdale were joint witneſſes with Oates to the alleged Popiſh plot of 1678-9, and Prance was ſuſpected of having murdered Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, 12th Oct. 1678.

‡ Barillon was the French ambaſſador to the Court of England.

§ The Ducheſs of Mazarine, who came to England in 1675, and was thought to have been ſent hither to ſupplant the Ducheſs of Portſmouth in the confidence and affections of the King.

A NEW SATIRICAL BALLAD OF THE LICENTIOUSNESS OF THE TIMES.

[This ballad, manifeſtly written by a partizan of the Court, gives but a very inadequate picture of the period to which it refers. "The moſt loyal Parliament that ever met in England" (as it has been characteriſed by the greateſt of modern hiſtorians), and which had been in exiſtence ever ſince the reſtoration of Charles, was juſt diſſolved; and new appeals were about to be made to the country, maddened beyond meaſure by the miſgovernment of the King, and the abominable fictions of Titus Oates and his coadjutors and rivals. The religious apoſtacy of the higheſt perſonages in the realm, the growing influence of the Roundhead party, and the prevailing fear of Popery, were ſufficient to create that "licentiouſneſs" of ſpeech which the author of this ballad ſo much deprecates.]

To the tune of "The Blind Beggar of Bednall Green."

THE Devil has left his puritanical dreſs,
And now like a hawker attends on the Preſs,
That he might thro' the town ſedition diſperſe,
In pamphlets and ballads, in proſe and in verſe.

'Tis ſurely ſo, for if the Devil wasn't in 't,
There would not be ſo many ſtrange things in print;
Now each man writes what ſeems good in his eyes,
And tells in bald rhymes his inventions and lies.

Some relate to the world their own cauſeleſs fears,
Endeavoring to ſet us together by the ears,
They ſtrive to make factions for two great commanders,
Tho' one be in Holland, the other in Flanders.*

They baul and they yaul aloud thro' the whole town,
The rights to ſucceſſion and claims to the Crown,
And ſnarling and grumbling like fools at each other,
Raiſe conteſts and factions betwixt ſon and brother.†

Here one doth on this ſide his verſes oppoſe,
Up ſtarts another and jouſts with him in proſe,
On Rumour a jade, they get up, and mount her,
And ſo like Don Quixote with wind-mills encounter.

Our ſun is not ſetting, it does not grow dark yet,
The King is in health ſtill, and gone to New-Market,
Let then idle coxcombs leave off their debating,
What either ſide ſays is uncommonly prating.

Another tho' he be but a ſenſeleſs widgion,
Will, like an archbiſhop, determine religion:
Whate'er his opinion is that muſt be beſt,
And ſtrait he confutes, and confounds all the reſt.

* The Dukes of Monmouth and York; the firſt of whom, upon his diſmiſſal from the poſt of Captain-General, retired to Holland; and the ſecond, by deſire of the King, departed with his family to Bruſſels (March, 1678-9).

† Monmouth and York.

I' the coffee-houſe here one with a grave face,
When after ſalute, he hath taken his place,
His pipe being lighted begins for to prate,
And wiſely diſcourſes the affairs of the State.

Another in fury the board ſtrait does thump,
And highly extols the bleſt times of the Rump;
The Pope and all monarchs he ſends to the devil,
And up in their places he ſets Harry Nevil.*

Another who would be diſtinguiſh'd from cit,
And ſwearing G—d d—n me, to ſhew him a wit,
(Who for all his huffing one grain hath not got)
Scoffs at all religion, and the Popiſh Plot.

One with an uncivil ſatirical jeſt,
To be thought a wit, has a fling at the prieſt,
He jeers at his betters, and all men of note,
From th' Alderman to the canonical coat.

A politick citizen in his blew gown,
As gravely in ſhop he walks up and down,
Inſtead of attending the wares on his ſtall,
Is all day relating th' intrigues of Whitehall.

* A conſpicuous member of the Council of State appointed by the Parliament in 1659, who was oppoſed to the reſtoration of Charles.

And though to speak truth he be but a noddy,
He'd have you to think that he is ſomebody,
With politic ſhrug, e'vn as bad as a curſe,
He cries out, O! the times, no mortal ſaw worſe.

Then comes a wiſe knight as the whole city's factor,
Speaks prologue in proſe, too grave for an actor,
And being ſore frighted, in a learned ſpeech,
To ſtand to their arms all the cits does beſeech.

The cobler in ſtall, did you but hear him prate,
You'd think that he ſat at the helm of the State,
His awl lay'd aſide, and in right hand a pot,
He roundly rips up the *ſoul* of the Plot.

But it is not enough to ſee what is paſt,
For theſe very men become prophets at laſt,
And with the ſame eyes can ſee what is meant,
To be acted and done in the next Parliament.

His worſhip ſo wiſe, who a kingdom can rule,
Is now by dear wife at home made a fool;
For tho' he doth ſee thro' dark miſts of the State,
He can't ſee the horns that ſhe plants on his pate.

The women, too, prate of the Pope and the Turk,
Who ſhould ceaſe to play falſe, and 'tend to their work;
But two noble virtues they 've attain'd to, I think,
To handle State matters, and to take off their drink.

Petition the players to come on the ſtage,
There to repreſent the vice of the age,
That people may ſee in ſtage looking-glaſſes
Fools of all ſorts, and their politic aſſes.

And thus I have ſhewn you the vice of the nation,
Which wants of theſe things a through reformation;
But when that will be I cannot determine,
For plenty breeds vice, as foul bodies breed vermine.

Men may prate and may write, but 'tis not their rhimes,
That can any way change, or alter the times;
It is now grown an epidemical diſeaſe,
For people to talk and to write what they pleaſe.

God bleſs our good King who our little world rules,
And is not diſturb'd at the action of fools;
It very much helps a wiſe man's melancholy
To ſee and obſerve, and to laugh at their folly.

GENEVA AND ROME; OR, THE ZEAL OF BOTH BOILING OVER:

In an earneſt diſpute for pre-eminence carried on at a private conference between *Jack-a-Preſbyter* and *Believe-all-Papiſt.*

Now printed for public ſatisfaction.

[Oates' and Bedloe's aſtounding revelations of Popiſh plots in the ſouth, increaſing with the growth of the popular credulity, and the doubtful iſſue of the war which was being proſecuted againſt the Covenanters in the north, kept the public mind in a perpetual ſtate of agitation and alarm during the whole of the year 1679. King Charles was compelled to baniſh his Popiſh brother, James Duke of York, from the Court, in order to reaſſure his panic-ſtricken people, whom he had good reaſon to fear might again throw off their allegiance to him, and involve the country in civil ſtrife. The author of the following loyal ballad, whilſt affecting to contemn both Papiſts and Preſbyterians, expoſes in turn their reſpective malpractices in the two former reigns, and inſinuates that they are equally ready to repeat them in the event of once more gaining the aſcendancy in England.]

ACK Preſbyter and the ſons of the Pope
Had a late diſpute of the right of the Rope
Who'd merit hanging without any trope;
Which nobody can deny.

Firſt Jack held forth, and bid him remember,
The horrible plot on the *Fifth of November*,
The very month preceding December;
Which nobody, &c.

The thirtieth of January, th' other reply'd,
We heard of 't at Rome, which can't be deny'd,
Had Jack been loyal, then Charles had not dy'd;
Which nobody, &c.

Then John cry'd out, D—— d Jeſuit, thou ly'ſt,
I only appear'd for the Lord Jeſus Chriſt,
Which thou, as a merit-monger, deny'ſt;
Which nobody, &c.

The Powder treaſon, oh! horrible plot—
Why, prithee Jack Preſbyter, be not ſo hot,
For Charles was kill'd, and Jemmy was not;
Which nobody, &c.

Then Preſbyter John his zeal was inflam'd,
And now I find it I'll make thee aſham'd.
If ſo, prithee Jack, let the Cov'nant be nam'd;
Which nobody, &c.

Why the Covenant named? 'tis found on record
To be an Old and New Teſtament word,
As I prov'd to Charles by text and by ſword;
Which nobody, &c.

Thou prove it to Charles? impertinent Aſs,
What thou deſign'dſt old Noll brought to paſs,
And then, like a beaſt, he turn'd thee to graſs;
Which nobody, &c.

A truce! a truce! quoth Preſbyter Jack,
We both love treaſon as Loyaliſts ſack,
And if either prevails the King goes to wrack;
Which nobody, &c.

The Biſhops tell Charles we both have long nails,
And Charles ſhall find it if either prevails,
For, like Sampſon's foxes, we're ty'd by the tails;
Which nobody, &c.

The Jeſuits, and the brats of John Knox,
Both viſited Europe with the French —,
By the means of Loyola and Calvin the fox;
Which nobody, &c.

THE LOYAL TORIES DELIGHT;

OR,

A PILL FOR FANATICS.

[This Court effuſion was ſuggeſted by the perſevering and unſcrupulous endeavours on the part of the Lord Chancellor Shafteſbury to change the ſucceſſion to the Crown, in favour of the Duke of Monmouth, to the excluſion of the Duke of York.]

GREAT York has been debar'd of late*
From Court by ſome accurſed fate;
But ere long we do not fear,
We ſhall have him,
We ſhall have him, have him here.

The makers of the Plot we ſee,
By d—d old Tony's † treachery,
How they would have brought it about,
To have given great York the rout;
To have given, &c.

* The Duke, by deſire of the King, had withdrawn from the country (3rd March, 1678-9); and a few months after his return (24th Feb. 1680) was ſent to Scotland.

† Anthony Aſhley Cooper, Earl of Shafteſbury, who proſecuted the Duke as a Popiſh recuſant (16th June, 1680), and ſupported the Excluſion Bill, which was rejected by the Lords after its paſſage through the Commons.

God preſerve our gracious King,
And ſafe tidings to us bring,
Defend us from the *ſham black box* *,
And all d—d fanatic plots,
And all, &c.

Here's Charles' health I drink to thee,
And wiſh him all proſperity;
God grant that he long time may reign,
To bring us home great York again;
To bring us home, &c.

That he in ſpite of all his foes,
Who loyalty and laws oppoſe,
May long remain in health and peace,
Whilſt plots and plotters all ſhall ceaſe;
Whilſt plots, &c.

Let Whigs † go down to Erebus,
And not ſtay here to trouble us,

* Shafteſbury, to ſupport the regal pretenſions of his friend the Duke of Monmouth, propagated rumours that the King only denied his marriage with the Duke's mother (Lucy Walters) from pride; that the witneſſes to the ceremony were ſtill in exiſtence, and that the contract itſelf, "encloſed in a black box," had been entruſted by the late Biſhop of Durham to the cuſtody of his ſon-in-law, who had it ready to produce whenever Parliament required him to do ſo.

† The Whigs had uniformly, up to this period, reſiſted the claims of the Romaniſts, and let ſlip no opportunity of perſecuting them; the Tories, on the other hand, had always befriended them.

With noiſy cant and needleſs fear,
Of ills to come they know not where,
Of ills to come, &c.

When our chief trouble they create,
For plain we ſee what they be at;
Could they but push great York once down,
They'd next attempt to ſnatch the Crown;
They'd next attempt, &c.

But Heaven preſerve our gracious King,
May all good ſubjects loudly ſing;
And Royal James preſerve likewiſe,
From ſuch as do againſt him riſe,
From ſuch as do, &c.

Then come again, fill round our glaſs,
And loyal Tories let it paſs;
Fill up, fill up, unto the brim,
And let each bowl with nectar ſwim,
And let each bowl, &c.

Though Cloakmen that ſeem much preciſe,
'Gainſt wine exclaim, with turn'd up eyes,
Yet in a corner they'll be drunk,
With drinking healths unto the RUMP;
With drinking healths, &c.

In hopes that once more they ſhall tear
Both Church and State, which is their pray'r;
But Heaven does ſtill protect the Throne,
Whilſt Tyburn for ſuch ſlaves does groan,
Whilſt Tyburn, &c.

For now 'tis plain moſt men abhor
What ſome ſo ſtrongly voted for:
Great York in favour does remain,
In ſpite of all the Whiggiſh train,
In ſpite of all, &c.

And now the *Old Cauſe* goes to wrack,
Sedition maugre Cloak in black,
Do greatly dread the triple-tree,
Whilſt we rejoice in loyalty,
Whilſt we rejoice, &c.

Then come let's take another round,
And ſtill in loyalty abound,
And wiſh our King he long may reign,
To bring us home great York again;
To bring us home great York again

THE KING'S VOWS.

BY ANDREW MARVEL.

[The preciſe date of this cauſtic ſatire is unknown, but it would appear, from certain alluſions in it, to have been penned not later than the year 1679. It is characteriſtic alike of the baſeſt of Engliſh ſovereigns, and the moſt patriotic of Engliſh ſtateſmen. In vain Charles aſſailed the integrity and patriotiſm of Marvel:

" In awful poverty his honeſt muſe
Walks forth vindictive thro' a venal land;
In vain Corruption ſheds her golden dews,
In vain Oppreſſion lifts her iron hand:
He ſcorns them both, and arm'd with Truth alone,
Bids Luſt and Folly tremble on his throne."

Probably Lord Macaulay had in his mind *The King's Vows*, when he gave, in his hiſtorical fragment, a ſummary of Charles's character. " He came forth (ſays he) from the ſchool of adverſity with ſocial habits, with polite and engaging manners, and with ſome talents for lively converſation, addicted beyond meaſure to ſenſual indulgence, fond of ſauntering and frivolous amuſements, incapable of ſelf-denial and exertion, without faith in human virtue or in human attachment, without deſire of renown, and without ſenſibility of reproach." Marvel, who knew Charles II. perſonally, was leſs tolerant in his judgment of him than the modern hiſtorian.]

WHEN plate was at pawn, and fob at an ebb,
And ſpider might weave in bowels its web,
And ſtomach as empty as brain;
Then Charles without acre,
Did ſwear by his Maker,
If e'er I ſee England again:—

I'll have a religion all of my own,
Whether popiſh or proteſtant ſhall not be known;
And, if it prove troubleſome — I will have none.

I'll have a long Parliament always to friend,
And furniſh my treaſure as faſt as I ſpend,
And, if they will not—they ſhall have an end.

I'll have as fine biſhops as were e'er made with hands,
With conſciences flexible to my commands,
And, if they diſpleaſe me— I'll have all their lands.

I'll have a fine navy to conquer the ſeas,
And the Dutch ſhall give caution for their Provinces,
And, if they ſhould beat me—I'll do what they pleaſe.*

I'll have a fine Court, with ne'er an old face,
And always who beards me ſhall have the next grace,
And, I either will vacate,— or, buy him a place.

I'll have a privy purſe without a control,
I'll wink all the while my revenue is ſtole,
And, if any is queſtion'd — I'll anſwer the whole.

---

* This is a ſarcaſtic alluſion to the great national diſgrace of 1667, when the Dutch were ſuffered with impunity to ſail up the Medway, and deſtroy the fortifications of Chatham.

If this pleaſe not — I'll reign then on any condition,
Miſs and I will both learn to live on exhibition,
And I'll firſt put the Church — then the Crown in commiſſion.

I'll have a fine tunic, a ſlaſh and a veſt:
Tho' not rule like a Turk — yet I will be ſo dreſt,—
And who knows but the faſhion may bring in the reſt?

I'll have a Council ſhall ſit always ſtill,
And give me a licence to do what I will;
And two Secretaries ſhall flouriſh a quill.

My inſolent brother * ſhall bear all the ſway;
If Parliaments murmur I'll ſend him away,
And call him again as ſoon as I may.

I'll have a rare ſon †, in marrying tho' marr'd,
Shall govern (if not my kingdom) my guard,
And ſhall be ſucceſſor to me or Gerrard. ‡

* James, Duke of York, whoſe bigoted attachment to Roman Catholiciſm began about this time to excite popular indignation againſt him.

† James, Duke of Monmouth, the King's natural ſon by Lucy Walters.

‡ Commonly called "Generous Gerrard," an enthuſiaſtic royaliſt, who was executed (10th July, 1654) for plotting the deſtruction of Cromwell.

I'll have a new London inſtead of the old *,
With wide ſtreets and uniform to my own mould;
But, if they build too faſt, I'll bid 'em hold.

The ancient nobility I will lay by,
And new ones create their rooms to ſupply,
And they ſhall raiſe fortunes for my own fry.

Some one † I'll advance from a common deſcent,
So high that he ſhall hector the Parliament,
And all wholeſome laws for the public prevent.

And I will aſſert him to ſuch a degree,
That all his foul treaſons, tho' daring and high,
Under my hand and ſeal ſhall have indemnity.

And, whate'er it coſt me, I'll have a French w—,
As bold as Alice Pierce, and as fair as Jane Shore;
And when I am weary of her, I'll have more.

Which if any bold Commoner dare to oppoſe,
I'll order my bravos to cut off his noſe ‡,
Tho' for't a branch of prerogative loſe.

* Alluding to the deſtruction of the city by fire, 1666.

† Thomas Oſborne, Earl of Danby, who was accuſed by the Commons of great miſdemeanours, April, 1675; diſmiſſed as Treaſurer 1678; and, to ſave him from the effects of an impeachment, pardoned by the King 1678-9. The Commons, however, on the 5th May 1679, voted his pardon unconſtitutional and void.

‡ Alluding to the barbarity practiſed on Sir John Coventry, who, for reflecting on the King's amours, in his place in Parliament, was

My pimp ſhall be my miniſter premier,
My bawds call ambaſſadors far and near,
And my wench ſhall diſpoſe of *congé d'Elire.*

I'll wholly abandon all public affairs,
And paſs all my time with buffoons and players,
And ſaunter to Nelly * when I ſhould be at prayers.

I'll have a fine pond with a pretty decoy,
Where many ſtrange fowl ſhall feed and enjoy,
And ſtill in their language quack *Vive le roy!* †

---

waylaid by Sands and Obrian, creatures of the Court, and had his noſe ſlit to the bone.

* Nell Gwynn, the celebrated actreſs, whoſe wit no leſs than her beauty captivated the King:

"When he was dumpiſh, ſhe would ſtill be jocund,
And chuck the royal chin of Charles the Second."

So reports Sir George Etherege, the licentious dramatiſt, with more truth than refinement.

† It was the cuſtom of Charles to ſaunter almoſt daily into St. James' Park, where he took a great intereſt in the water-fowl with which it was ſtocked, and which it was his practice to feed with his own hand.

THE LOYAL SHERIFFS OF LONDON AND MIDDLESEX: UPON THEIR ELECTION.

[This, as well as the following ſervile ballad, was written by a Court partizan on the occaſion of the memorable election of Sheriffs for London and Middleſex in 1683, when Charles II. ſo groſſly invaded the rights and liberties of the citizens.

The ſcheme was to prevent the regular election of Sheriffs, and to force upon the City the two Court nominees, Dudley North and Ralph Box, who had only a ſmall minority of electors in their favour. In ſpite of violence uſed in their behalf, the poll was going in favour of the liberal candidates, Papillion and Dubois, when the Lord Mayor, Sir John Moore, a tool of the Government, attempted to adjourn the election to another day. The Sheriffs *pro tempore*, Shute and Pilkington, who were the proper officers to preſide, continued the poll deſpite Moore's oppoſition, and ultimately declared the liberal candidates duly elected. Nevertheleſs the Court candidates were ſworn in as Sheriffs, and thoſe who inſiſted on continuing the election after the pretended adjournment by the Mayor were proſecuted for an alleged riot, and being convicted by a packed jury were heavily fined.

A pamphleteer, writing in 1703, ſays: "The deſpicable ſcum of Sonnateers and Rhyming Scribblers were never more encouraged than at that time; the foregoing ſongs are but part of 180 printed by Nat Thompſon, the popiſh printer; and will Poſterity believe that an

infamous ſongſter has had 10 or 20 guineas at a time given him for ſinging one of theſe Ballads at Court?"]

TUNE, "Now at laſt the Riddle," &c.

NOW at laſt the matter is decided,
Which ſo long the nation has divided;
Miſguided
By intereſt and blind zeal,
Which ſo well in *Forty-four* they acted.
Now with greater heat
They again act o'er, like men diſtracted,
To give to Monarchy a new defeat.

Famous North, of noble birth and breeding,
And in loyal principles exceeding,
Is pleading
To ſtand his country's friend;
To do juſtice to the King and nation
Some ſo much oppoſe;
To renew the work of Reformation,
And carry on again the *Good old Cauſe*.

Next, renowned Box, as high commended,
And of loyal parentage deſcended,
Intended
To do the City right:

With true courage, and firm reſolution,
He the Hall adorns;
But the heads were all in a confuſion,
Such din there was and rattling with their horns.

Prick up ears, and puſh one for another,
Let not Box, an old malignant brother,
Nor t'other
Our properties command,
He's a King's-man, North is nothing better,
They walk hand-in-hand:
He, you know, is the Lord Mayor's creature;
Therefore it is not fit that they ſhould ſtand.

Where are now our liberties and freedom?
Where ſhall we find ſuch friends, when we shou'd,
To bleed 'em
And pull the Tories down?
To puſh far our int'reſt, who can blame us?
Sheriffs rule in the Town,
When we loſe our darling Ignoramus:
We loſe the combat, and the day's their own.

Then let every man ſtand by his brother,
Poll o'er ten times, poll one for another.
What a pother
You ſee the Tories make,

Now or never, now to ſave your Charter,
Or your hearts will ache;
If it goes for them expect no quarter:
If Law and Juſtice rule, our heels will ſhake!

Rout, a rout! Join Prentice, boor, and peaſant,
Let the White-hall party call it treaſon,
'Tis treaſon —
We ſhould our necks defend!
Routs and riots, tumults and ſedition,
Poll 'em o'er again;
Theſe do beſt agree with our condition —
If Monarchy prevail, we're all loſt men.

The Lord Mayor is loyal in his ſtation —
'Las, what will become o' th' Reformation
O' th' nation
If the Sheriffs be loyal too?
Wrangle, bangle, huff and keep a clatter —
If we loſe the field,
Poll 'em o'er again, it makes no matter,
For tho' we loſe the day, we ſcorn to yield!

Ten for Box, and twenty for Papillion,
North a thouſand, Dubois a million —
What villain
Our intereſt dare oppoſe?

With thoſe noble patriots thus they ſided,
To uphold the Cauſe;
But the good Lord Mayor the caſe decided,
And once again two loyal worthies choſe.

Noble North and famous Box * promoted,
By due courſe and legal choice allotted,
They voted
To be the City Shrieves,
And may they both to London's commendation
Her ancient rights reſtore,
To do that juſtice to the King and Nation
Which former factions have deny'd before.

* Ralph Box had the decency to decline ſerving the office to which he had been ſo unfairly elected, and paid the uſual fine of 500*l.* for his exemption.

LONDON'S LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF THEIR CHARTER.

[The infamous judgment in the great London *Quo Warranto* Caſe, delivered in Michaelmas term 1683, fully explains both the hiſtory and object of this ballad:—

"Several times (ſaid Mr. Juſtice Jones, the Senior Puiſne judge of the King's Bench) have we met, and had conference about this matter, and we have waited on my Lord [Chief Juſtice] Saunders during his ſickneſs often; and upon deliberation, we are unanimouſly of opinion that a Corporation aggregate, ſuch as the City of London, may be forfeited and ſeiſed into the King's hands, on a breach of a truſt repoſed in it for the good government of the King's ſubjects;—that to aſſume the power of making bye-laws to levy money is a juſt cauſe of forfeiture;—and that the Petition [*i.e.* of the Mayor and Citizens of London to the King, beſeeching him not to diſſolve his Parliament] in the pleadings mentioned is ſo ſcandalous to the King and his government, that it is a juſt cauſe of forfeiture. Therefore, the Court doth award that the liberties and franchiſes of the City of London be ſeiſed into the King's hands."]

To the tune of "Packington's Pound."

YOU Freemen and Maſters, and Prentices, mourn,
For now you are left with your Charter forlorn;

Since London was London, I dare boldly ſay,
For your riots you never ſo dearly did pay;
In Weſtminſter Hall
Your Dagon did fall,
That cauſ'd you to riot and mutiny all:
Oh! London, oh! London, thou had'ſt better had none,
Than thus with thy Charter to vie with the Throne.

Oh! London, oh! London, how could'ſt thou pretend,
Againſt thy Defender thy crimes to defend?
Thy freedom and rights from kind princes did ſpring,
And yet in contempt thou withſtandeſt thy King:
With bold brazen face
They pleaded thy caſe,
In hopes to the Charter the King would give place.
Oh! London, thou'dſt better no Charter at all,
Than thus for Rebellion thy Charter ſhould fall.

Since Britons to London came over to dwell,
You had an old Charter to buy and to ſell;
And whilſt in allegiance each honeſt man lives,
Then you had a Charter for Lord Mayor and Shrieves:
But when with your pride
You began to backſlide,
And London by factions did run with the tide;
Then London, oh! London, 'tis time to withdraw,
Leſt the flood of your factions the land overflow.

When faction and fury of Rebels prevail'd,
When Coblers were Kings, and monarchs were jail'd,
When Maſters in tumults their prentices led,
And the tail did begin to make war with the Head,
When Thomas and Kate
Did bring in their plate,
T'uphold the *Old cauſe* of the Rump of the State;
Then tell me, oh! London, I prithee now tell,
Haſt thou e'er a Charter to fight and rebell?

When zealous ſham-ſheriffs the City oppoſe,
In ſpite of the Charter, the King, and the Laws,
And make ſuch a riot and rout in the Town,
That never before ſuch a racket was known,
When rioters dare
Arreſt the Lord May'r *,
And force the King's ſubſtitute out of the Chair;
Oh! London, whoſe Charter is now on the lees,
Did your Charter e'er warrant ſuch actions as theſe?

Alas, for the Brethren! † What now muſt they do
For chooſing Whig-ſheriffs and Burgeſſes too?

* The Mayor having committed the two preſiding ſheriffs for alleged contempt, the friends of the latter, in order to obtain their releaſe, retaliated by arreſting the Mayor for a debt ſaid to have been incurred in the courſe of the election.

† Alluding to the Court of Aldermen, who incriminated each other in defaming James, Duke of York, the King's brother.

The Charter with Patience * is gone to the pot,
And the Doctor † is loſt in the depth of the plot:
Saint Stephen his flayl
No man will prevail,
Nor Sir Robert's ‡ dagger the Charter to bail:
Oh! London, thou'dſt better have lain in the fire,
Than thus thy old Charter ſhould ſtick in the mire.

But ſince with your folly, your faction and pride,
You ſink with the Charter, who ſtrove with the tide,
Let all the loſt rivers return to the Main;
From whence they deſcended they'll ſpring out again:
Submit to the King
In everything,
Then of a new Charter new Sonnets we'll ſing;
As London — the Phœnix of England — ne'er dies,
So out of the flames a new Charter will riſe!

* Alderman Sir Patience Ward, Moor's predeceſſor in the Mayoralty, who was moſt unjuſtly indicted for perjury, becauſe he refuſed to depoſe againſt his brother alderman, Pilkington, accuſed of ſcandaliſing the Duke of York.

† Oates.

‡ Sir Robt. Clayton, Lord Mayor in 1680, who contended in vain for his own and fellow-citizens' rights.

VIENNA'S TRIUMPH;

WITH THE WHIGS' LAMENTATION FOR THE OVERTHROW OF THE TURKS.

[In the ſummer of 1683 the Ottomans, after ſweeping over Hungary, inveſted Vienna, from which the Emperor Leopold and his family had fled. All Europe was in conſternation. Sobieſki, the King of Poland, was bound by no treaty to the Houſe of Auſtria; but, as a Chriſtian Prince, he determined to defend the eaſtern bulwark of Chriſtian Europe againſt the univerſally dreaded foe. Having, therefore, united his own forces with thoſe of Germany, he attacked the Turks in their entrenchments, and gained a deciſive victory over them. On the news of the deliverance of Vienna every State in Europe reſounded with acclamations—France excepted, whoſe "moſt Chriſtian King," Louis XIV., wiſhed to humble the houſe of Hapſburg to the duſt. The Whigs, notwithſtanding the fact that they had conſiſtently oppoſed the foreign policy of England, and alſo condemned that of France, are here aſſociated with the common foe of Europe, becauſe at this time they were as unpopular in the country as hateful to Charles.]

NOW, now 's the ſiege raiſ'd,
And the numerous train
Of the Turks, Jove be praiſ'd,
Are defeated again:
Their Mahomet's aid
They in vain did implore,
And they ſwear they'll not truſt
The dull God any more:

The ſham of the *Loadſtone* *
At laſt they have found,
And their God is condemn'd
To be laid under ground.

Let the Engliſh give praiſe,
Let all Chriſtendom join,
In ſinging of lays
To the Powers Divine:
Vienna once more
Hath the victory won,
And the Turks, tho' ſo mighty,
Are put to the run:
The giant Goliah
By David was ſlain;
Thus, who fight againſt Heav'n
Do fight but in vain.

The Grand Vizier 's fled,
In vain he did boaſt;
And 'twill coſt him his head,
Since the battle he loſt:
His many of thouſands
He invincible thought,

* Alluding to the famous black ſtone in the Kaaba at Mecca, which the Mahomedans believe was brought to that place by the archangel Gabriel, and which is ſuppoſed to have become black from the kiſſes of the innumerable pilgrims annually attracted by it.

Yet they by few hundreds
To confuſion were brought:
To the great King of Poland
Let the honor redound,
Whoſe actions with credit
And fame do abound.

To the Duke of Lorrain
Great praiſes are due,
Who had fought but in vain,
If proud words had prov'd true:
At the Emperor's threats
He laughs in his ſleeve,
And all his great proffers
He ſcorn'd to believe:
But great as he was
He withſtood all their charms,
Chooſing rather to die
In his countrymen's arms.

His loyalty true
All the world doth admire,
But the Whigs, who look blue,
And commotions deſire:
Ruin and ſtrife are
Whigs' elements ſtill,
They 're an obſtinate people,
If croſt in their will:

And what their will is,
  Is as hard to be known,
As it is to find out
  The philoſopher's ſtone.

No devotion but their's,
  All others, they ſay,
Of the Devil are ſnares
  For to lead us aſtray:
The Pope to avoid
  They'll do what they can,
And inſtead of an image
  They'll worſhip a man:
To the Turks they no martyrs,
  But converts, would be;
But in time we may ſee
  Them all die by the Tree.

DAGON'S FALL.

[When the plan of deſtroying all the free inſtitutions of England, and of eſtabliſhing arbitrary rule, was openly avowed by the ſervile ſupporters of the Court, Lord Shafteſbury, knowing that he was marked out for the royal vengeance, ſeriouſly contemplated raiſing an inſurrection in the City of London, with a view to ſet aſide the popiſh Duke of York, as ſucceſſor to the Crown, as well as to get rid of the King's evil Councillors. Learning, however, that there was an intention once more to arreſt him, he made his eſcape to Holland (18th November, 1682), where he was received with great reſpect, and admitted into the magiſtracy. He died at Amſterdam, after a very brief illneſs, on the 21ſt January, 1683. The ballad was publiſhed before the news of his deceaſe had reached this country.]

AH! cruel bloody fate,
What canſt thou now do more?
Alas, 'tis now too late
Poor Tony to reſtore!
Why ſhould the flatt'ring fates perſuade
That Tony ſtill ſhould live
In England here, or in Holland there,
Yet all our hopes deceive?

A noble peer he was,
And of notorious fame;
But now he's gone, alas!
A pilgrim o'er the main.

The prop and pillar of our hope,
The patron of our cauſe,
The ſcorn and hate of Church and State,
The urchin of the laws

Of matchleſs policy
Was this renowned peer;
The bane of monarchy,
The people's hope and fear;
The joy of all true proteſtants,
The Tories' ſcorn and dread:
But now he's gone who curſ'd the throne;
Alas, poor Tony's dead!

For Commonwealth he ſtood,
Pretending liberty;
And, for the public good,
Would pull down Monarchy.
The Church and State he would divorce,
The holy cauſe to wed,
And in time did hope to confound the Pope,
And be himſelf the head.

A tap in 's ſide did bore,
To broach all ſorts of ill,
For which ſeditious ſtore
The crowd ador'd him ſtill:

He ſpit his venom thro' the town,
With which the ſaints poſſeſt
Would preach and prate 'gainſt Church and State,
While he perform'd the reſt.

When any change of State,
Or miſchief was at hand,
He had a working pate
And devil at command:
He forg'd a plot*, for which the heads
Of faction gave their votes:
But now the plot has gone to pot—
What will become of Oates?

Under the fair pretence
Of right, religion, law,
Excluding the true prince,
The Church he'd overthrow:
With ſuch religious ſhams he brought
The rabble to his ſide;
And for his ſport, the town and court,
In parties he'd divide.

* Lord Shafteſbury early had the credit of being the contriver of the popiſh plot, which he framed (according to Dalrymple) "in order to bring the Duke [of York], and, perhaps, the King, under the weight of the national fear and hatred of popery."

Now what's become of all
His ſquinting policy,
Which wrought your Dagon's fall,
From juſtice forc'd to flee?
Old and decrepid, full of pains,
As he of guilt was full,
He fell to fate, and now too late
He leaves us to condole.

Now learn, ye Whigs, in time,
By his deſerved fall,
To expiate his crime,
Ere fate revenge you all:
For rights, religion, liberty,
Are but the ſham pretence
To anarchy—but loyalty
Obeys the lawful Prince.

JAMES II.

A SHORT LITANY.

[No prince had been ſo generally unpopular and ſo ſeverely ſatiriſed as James the Second before his acceſſion to the throne. After that event, the ballad-writers appear to have been reſtrained in a great meaſure by their fear of him. When, however, his tyranny became quite inſupportable, and there was a proſpect of the country being ridded of his preſence, their courage revived, and they renewed their daily attacks upon him with increaſed virulence. The coarſeſt ballads and ſquibs, as well as the moſt unfeeling lampoons, purſued the bigoted monarch in his flight to France.

As this and the following ballads refer to the cloſing months of his brief reign, it will not be neceſſary to give a ſeparate introduction to each; the foot-notes will elucidate, where neceſſary, the text of them.

The entire rule of James is well expreſſed in the subjoined lampoon: —

"Unhappy Age! and we in it,
When Truth doth go for Treaſon;
Every blockhead's will for law,
And coxcomb's ſenſe for reaſon.
Religion's made a band of State,
To ſerve the pimps and panders,
Our Liberty a priſon gate,
And Iriſhmen commanders.

"Oh! wretched is our fate —
What dangers do we run!
We muſt be wicked to be great,
And to be juſt, undone.
'Tis thus our Sovereign keeps his word,
And makes the nation great;
To Iriſhmen he truſts the ſword,
To Jeſuits the State."

To the tune of "Cock-lqurel."

ROM an old Inquiſition*, and new Declaration †,
From freedom of Conſcience, and Whig Toleration,
'Gainſt Conſcience impoſing upon the whole Nation,
For ever, good Heaven, deliver me!

From Knaves would ſet up a Diſpenſative power,
To pull down the Teſt unto which we have ſwore,
By impoſing a greater than any before,
For ever, &c.

From the Court's Triumvirate's Council in vain,
The father-confeſſor ‡, that cheater of men,
The hypocrite Lobb ‡, and that Jeſuit Pen ‡,
For ever, &c.

* An alluſion to the extraordinary conduct of the King in extorting a promiſe from every claſs of public officials "to live in friendſhip with people of all religious perſuaſions."

† The memorable Declaration of Indulgence (publiſhed on the 4th April, 1687), which ſuſpended and diſpenſed with the penal laws and teſts on admiſſion into offices civil and military.

‡ Father Edward Petre, vice-provincial of the Jeſuits, who was ſworn a member of the Privy Council, 11th November, 1687; Stephen Lobb, a member of the Jeſuitical Cabal, employed to gain over the Independents to the Court; and William Penn, the quaker, who publicly preached in favour of James and his Declaration of Indulgence. All were members of the "Jeſuitical Cabal."

From loſing the Set in a paſſion and flame,
By taking ſeven men up, and hoping the ſame
To recover by playing an after-back game,
For ever, &c.

From a ſchiſmatic State, and a Catholic Court,
From packing a jury in hopes to be for 't,
From ſhopping the biſhops*, the Church to ſupport,
For ever, &c.

From Puritans' malice, and Jeſuits' ſpite,
From ſhowing our teeth, without pow'r to bite,
Againſt our own Conſcience from doing of right,
For ever, &c.

From making a pannel the prelates to blaſt,
In hopes with St. Peter their lordſhips to caſt,
And finding it all *Ignoramus* at laſt,
For ever, &c.

* Alluding to the incarceration and trial of the Seven Biſhops for proteſting againſt the King's famous Declaration.

THE ADVICE.

WOULD you be famous and renown'd in ſtory,
And after having run a ſtage of glory,
Go ſtraight to Heaven, and not to Purgatory;
This is the time.

Would you ſurrender your Diſpenſing power,
And ſend the Weſtern Hangman* to the Tower,
From whence he'll find it difficult to ſcour;
This is the time.

Would you ſend Father Pen, and Father Lob,
Aſſiſted by the poet-laureate Squab†,
To teach obedience paſſive to the mob;
This is the time.

Would you let Reverend Father Peters know
What thanks the Church of England to him owe
For favors paſt, he did on them beſtow;
This is the time.

* The infamous Chief Juſtice Jeffreys.
† Dryden.

Would you with expedition ſend away
Thoſe four dim lights made biſhops t'other day,
To convert Indians in America;
This is the time.

Would you the reſt of that bald-pated train
No longer flatter with thin hopes of gain,
But ſend 'em to St. Om'r's back again;
This is the time.

Would you (inſtead of holding birchen-tool)
Send Pulton* to be laſh'd at Buſby's ſchool,
That he in print no longer play the fool;
This is the time.

Would you that Jack of all religions ſcare,
Bid him for hanging ſpeedily prepare,
That Harry H s may viſit Harry Care†;
This is the time.

Would you let Ireland no more fear McDonnel,
And all the rabble under Phelim O'Neel,
And Clarendon‡ again ſucceed Tyrconnel;
This is the time.

* Andrew Pulton, a jeſuit and controverſialiſt, whoſe ignorance of Engliſh compoſition made him the laughing-ſtock of his contemporaries.

† A nonconformiſt, who had bitterly aſſailed the King when Duke of York, but now was as loud in his adulation of him.

‡ Clarendon had been appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland in 1685, and was recalled in the following year, to make place for Tyrconnel, who was dreaded alike by Proteſtants and Romaniſts.

Would you Court ear-wigs baniſh from your ears,
Thoſe carpet-knights and intereſted peers,
And rid the Kingdoms from impending fears;
This is the time.

Would you at once make all the *Hogans Mogans** yield,
And be at once their terror, and our ſhield,
And not appear by proxy in the field;
This is the time.

Would you no more a woman's counſel take,
But love your Kingdoms for your Kingdoms' ſake,
Make ſubjects love, and enemies to quake;
This is the time.

* Cant expreſſions for the Dutch.

THE CATHOLIC BALLAD:

OR,

AN INVITATION TO POPERY, UPON CONSIDERABLE GROUNDS AND REASONS.

BY WALTER POPE, A.M.

INCE Popery of late is ſo much in debate,
And great ſtrivings have been to reſtore it,
I cannot forbear, openly to declare,
That the ballad-makers are for it.

We'll diſpute no more then, theſe heretical men
Have expoſed our books unto laughter,
So that many do ſay, 'twill be the beſt way,
To ſing for the cauſe hereafter.

O the Catholic Cauſe! now aſſiſtance, my muſe,
Now earneſtly do I deſire thee;
Neither will I pray to St. Bridget to-day,
But only to thee to inſpire me!

Whence ſhould purity come, but from Catholic Rome?
I wonder much at your folly—

For St. Peter was there, and left an old chair,
Enough to make all the world holy.

For this ſacred old wood is ſo excellent good,
If our doctors may be believed,
That whoever ſits there needs never more fear
The danger of being deceived.

If the Devil himſelf ſhould (God bleſs us!) get up,
Though his nature we know to be evil,
Yet whilſt he ſat there, as divers will ſwear,
He would be an infallible Devil.

Now who ſits in the ſeat, but our father the Pope?
Which is a plain demonſtration,
As clear as noon-day, we are in a right way,
And all others are doom'd to damnation.

If this will not ſuffice yet to open your eyes,
Which are blinded with bad education;
We have arguments plenty, and miracles twenty,
Enough to convince a whole nation.

If you give but good heed, you ſhall ſee the hoſt bleed,
And if anything can perſuade ye,
An image ſhall ſpeak, or at leaſt it ſhall ſqueak,
In the honor of our Lady.

You ſhall ſee, without doubt, the devil caſt out,
As of old by *Erra Pater;*
He ſhall ſkip about and tear, like a dancing bear,
When he feels the holy water.

If yet doubtful you are we have relics moſt rare,
We can ſhew you the ſacred manger;
Several loads of the Croſs, as good as e'er was,
To preſerve your ſouls from danger.

Should I tell you of all, it would move a ſtone wall,
But I ſpare you a little for pity,
That each one may prepare, and rub up his ear,
For the ſecond part of my ditty.

THE SECOND PART.

NOW liſten again to thoſe things that remain,
They are matters of weight, I aſſure you,
And the firſt thing I ſay, throw your bibles away,
'Tis impoſſible elſe for to cure you.

O that peſtilent book! never on it more look,
I wiſh I could ſing it out louder:

It has done men more harm, I dare boldly affirm,
Than th' invention of guns and powder.

As for matters of faith, believe what the Church ſaith,
But for Scripture leave that to the learned;
For theſe are edge-tools, your laymen are fools,
If you touch them you're ſure to be harmed.

Be the Church's good ſon, and your work is half done,
After that you may do your own pleaſure;
If your beads you can tell, and ſay *Ave Mary* well,
Never doubt of the heavenly treaſure.

For the Pope keeps the Keys, and can do what he pleaſe,
And without all peradventure,
If you cannot at the fore, yet at the back-door
Of Indulgence you may enter.

But firſt by the way, you muſt make a ſhort ſtay
At a place call'd Purgatory,
Which the learned us tell, in the buildings of hell,
Is about the middlemoſt ſtory.

'Tis a monſtrous hot place, and a mark of diſgrace,
In the torment on't long to endure,
None are kept there but fools, and poor pitiful ſouls
Who can no ready money procure.

For a handſome round ſum, you may quickly begone,
So the Church has wiſely ordained;
And they who build croſſes, and pay well for maſſes,
Would not there be too long detained.

And that 'tis a plain caſe, as the noſe on one's face,
They are in the ſureſt condition,
Since none but poor fools, and ſome niggardly awls,
That can fall into utter perdition.

And it faileth you then, O ye great and rich men,
For that you will not hearken to reaſon;
And as long as you've pence, y'need ſcruple no offence,
For murder, advoutery, treaſon.

And ye ſweet-natured women, who hold all things common,
My addreſſes to you are moſt hearty,
And to give you your due, you are to us moſt true,
And we hope we ſhall gain the whole party.

If you happen to fall, your penance is ſmall,
And although you cannot forego it,
We have for you a cure, if of this you be ſure,
To confeſs before you go to it.

There is one reaſon yet, which I cannot omit,
To thoſe who affect the French nation,
Hereby we advance the religion of France,
The religion that's only in faſhion.

If theſe reaſons prevail (as how can they fail?),
To have Popery entertained,
You cannot conceive, and will hardly believe,
What benefits hence may be gained.

For the Pope ſhall us bleſs (that's no ſmall happineſs),
And again we ſhall ſee reſtored
The Italian trade, which formerly made
This land to be ſo much adored.

O the pictures and rings, the beads and fine things,
The good words as ſweet as honey,
All this, and much more, ſhall be brought to our door,
For a little dull Engliſh money.

Then ſhall Juſtice and Love, and whatever can move,
Be reſtored again to our Britain;
And Learning ſo common, that ev'ry old woman
Shall ſay her prayers in Latin.

Then the Church ſhall bear sway, and the State ſhall obey,
Which is now lookt upon as a wonder,

And the proudeſt of Kings, with all temporal things,
Shall ſubmit and truckle under.

And the Parliament too, who have tak'n us to do,
And have handled us with ſo much terror,
May chance on that ſcore ('tis no time to ſay more),
They may chance t'acknowledge their error.

If any man yet ſhall have ſo little wit
As ſtill to be refractory,
I ſwear by the Maſs, he is a mere aſs,
And ſo there's end of the ſtory.

THE TRUE PROTESTANT LITANY.

ROM ſuch as the honeſt intentions oppoſe
Of our true-hearted friends, and are led by the noſe,
By the ſpecious pretences and wiles of our foes:

Libera nos, Domine.

From ſuch as the Proteſtant cauſe would betray,
And give up their lives to the Pope for a prey;
If they will not ſell Heaven as freely as they:

Libera nos.

From Judges oppreſt with ſuch dimneſs of ſight,
That they cannot diſcern what is *wrong*, or what's *right*;
If a ſpider's *gold*-web do but hang in their light:

Libera nos.

From thoſe, who to finiſh their treaſons begun,
When they fear'd that their work would be left but half done,
Did conſult by the ſtars how to darken our *Sun*:

Libera nos.

From perſons, who under a handſome diſguiſe,
Would perſuade us the only way to be wiſe,
Is to forfeit our reaſon and put out our eyes:
Libera nos.

From thoſe who would learnedly make it appear,
That it is factious either to ſhun or to fear
The moſt imminent dangers, though never ſo near:
Libera nos.

From infallible fops, who would make us believe
We muſt pin our faith to their Catholic ſleeve,
Till we ſuffer a bondage beyond a reprieve:
Libera nos.

From the factors of *Rome*, who hither are ſent,
To raiſe cauſeleſs diſlikes of the King's government;
And to ſeparate him and his Parliament:
Libera nos.

From ſuch as will whiſper the *traitor's* defence,
And do own they believe their avouch'd innocence,
Thereby to diſparage the King's evidence:
Libera nos.

From Powis * and Peters, and all the whole crew,
And from all that would have them come ſhort of their due;
From friars, and prieſts, and Jeſuits too:
Libera nos.

And, laſtly, from all that wiſh ill to the King,
Or Popery into this Nation would bring;
Who merit no leſs than a Paddington ſwing:
Libera nos.

* Wm. Herbert, Earl of Powis, a Catholic Peer, who had been recently admitted into the Privy Council.

PRIVATE OCCURRENCES;

OR,

THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOUR LAST YEARS,

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF THE OLD BALLAD OF

"*Hey, brave Oliver, Ho, brave Oliver.*"

A PROTESTANT Muſe, yet a lover of Kings,
On th' Age, grown a little ſatirical, ſings
Of Papiſts, their counſels, and other fine things.
Sing hey brave Popery, ho rare Popery,
Oh! fine Popery, O dainty Popery, ho!

She hopes ſhe offends no Engliſhman's patience,
Tho' Satire's forbid on all ſuch occaſions,
She's too good a ſubject to read Declarations,
Sing hey, &c.

If the ſaying be good of *Let him laugh that wins*,
Sure a loſer may ſmile without any offence,
My Muſe, then, is gameſome, and thus ſhe begins,
Sing hey, &c.

When Charles deceaſ'd, to his kingdom's diſmay,
By an apoplex, or elſe ſome other way *,
Our Brother with ſhouts was proclaimed the ſame day,
Sing hey, &c.

His firſt Royal promiſe was never to touch
Our Rights, nor Religion, nor Privilege grutch,
But Peters ſwore, D—n him! he granted too much.
Sing hey, &c.

Then Monmouth came in with an army of fools,
Betray'd by his cuckold † and other dull tools,
That painted the turf of green Sedgemoor with *Gules*,
Sing hey, &c.

That Victory gotten (ſome think to our wrong),
The prieſts bray'd out joy in a thankſgiving ſong,
And Teague with the bald-pates were at it ding dong.
Sing hey, &c.

* In reference to the death of Charles II. (relates Macaulay) "Wild ſtories without number were repeated and believed by the common people. His Majeſty's tongue had ſwelled to the ſize of a neat's tongue. A cake of deleterious powder had been found in his brain. There were blue ſpots on his breaſt. There were black ſpots on his ſhoulder. Something had been put into his ſnuff-box. Something had been put into his broth. Something had been put into his favourite diſh of eggs and ambergreaſe. The Ducheſs of Portſmouth had poiſoned him in a cup of chocolate. The Queen had poiſoned him in a jar of dried pears. Such tales ought to be preſerved; for they furniſh us with a meaſure of the intelligence and virtue of the generation which eagerly devoured them."

† Lord Grey.

Then ſtraight a ſtrong army was levied in haſte,
To hinder Rebellion — a very good jeſt —
But ſome folks will ſwear 'twas to murder the Teſt,
Sing hey, &c.

A politique law which recuſants did doom
That into our Senate they never might come,
But Equivalent ſince was propoſed in its room.
Sing hey, &c.

As if a true friend ſhould in kindneſs demand
A tooth in my head, which firmly doth ſtand,
To give for't another he had in his hand.
Sing hey, &c.

Then Term after Term this matter was weigh'd,
Old Judges turn'd out and new blockheads made,
That Coke or wiſe Littleton never did read.
Sing hey, &c.

The good Church of England with ſpeed was run down,
Whoſe loyalty ever ſtood faſt to the Crown,
And Preſbyter John was made Mayor of the Town.
Sing hey, &c.

The biſhop's diſgrace made the clergy to ſob,
A prey to old Petre and Preſident Bob*,
And hurried to priſon as if they did rob.
Sing hey, &c.

* The verſatile Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, in whom, remarks Macaulay, "the political immorality of his age was perſonified in the moſt lively manner."

Then into the world a dear Prince of Wales ſlipt,
'Twas plain, for we hear a great miniſter peept,
The Bricklayer for prating had lik'd t'a been whipt*.
Sing hey, &c.

Thus England's diſtreſſes more fierce than the plague,
That during three years of no quiet could brag,
The Prince van Auraignia has brought from the Hague.
Sing hey, &c.

A ſtrong fleet and army t' invade us are bent,
We know not the cauſe, tho' there's ſomething in 't,
But we doubt not ere long we ſhall ſee it in print.
Sing hey, &c.

Ah! England, that never could'ſt value thy peace,
Had matters been now as in Elizabeth's days,
The Dutch had ne'er ventur'd to fiſh in our ſeas!
Sing hey, &c.

* Alluding to one of the indecent reports reſpecting the legitimacy of James Frederic Edward, Prince of Wales (afterwards known as the Chevalier de St. George). Burnet has repreſented him as the fruit of *ſix* different impoſtures! Dryden, however, in his *Britannia Rediviva*, thus diſpoſes of theſe groſs calumnies:—

"Born in broad daylight, that the ungrateful rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt;
Truth, which is light itſelf, doth darkneſs ſhun,
And the true eaglet ſafely dares the ſun."

LILLI BURLERO.*

BY THOMAS, MARQUIS OF WHARTON.

[This famous doggrel ballad, written on the occaſion of General Dick Talbot being created Earl of Tyrconnel, and nominated by James II. to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686—1688, is attributed to Lord Wharton in a ſmall pamphlet, entitled "A true relation of the ſeveral facts and circumſtances of the intended riot and tumult on Queen Elizabeth's birth-day," &c., London, 1712, wherein it is ſaid "A late Vice-roy [of Ireland] who has ſo often boaſted himſelf upon his talent for miſchief, invention, lying, and for making a certain *Lilli Burlero* ſong; with which, if you will believe himſelf, he ſung a deluded Prince out of Three Kingdoms."]

HO! broder Teague†, doſt hear de decree?
Lilli Burlero, bullen a-la.*
Dat we ſhall have a new deputie,
Lilli Burlero, bullen a-la.
Lero lero, lilli Burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.
Lero, lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la.

Ho! by Shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote,
Lilli, &c.
And he will cut de Engliſhman's troate,
Lilli, &c.

* *Lilli Burlero* and *Bullen-a-la* are ſaid to have been the words of diſtinction uſed among the Iriſh Papiſts in their maſſacre of the Proteſtants in 1641.

† A cant name, in this age, for an Iriſhman.

Dough by my ſhoul de Engliſh do praat,
Lilli, &c.
De law's on dare ſide, and Creiſh knows what,
Lilli, &c.

But if diſpence do come from de Pope,
Lilli, &c.
We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope
Lilli, &c.

For de good Talbot is made a lord,
Lilli, &c.
And with brave lads is coming abroad,
Lilli, &c.

Who all in France have taken a ſware,
Lilli, &c.
Dat dey will have no Proteſtant heir,
Lilli, &c.

Ara! but why does he ſtay behind?
Lilli, &c.
Ho! by my ſhoul 'tis a proteſtant wind.
Lilli, &c.

But ſee de Tyrconnel is now come aſhore,
Lilli, &c.
And we ſhall have commiſſions gillore,
Lilli, &c.

And he dat will not go to de maſs,
Lilli, &c.
Shall be turn out, and look like an aſs,
Lilli, &c.

Now, now de heretics all go down,
Lilli, &c.
By Chris and Shaint Patric, de nation's our own,
Lilli, &c.

Dare was an old prophecy found in a bog,
Lilli, &c.
" Ireland ſhall be rul'd by an aſs and a dog,"
Lilli, &c.

And now dis prophecy is come to paſs,
Lilli, &c.
For Talbot's de dog, and James is de aſs.
Lilli, &c.

A NEW SONG OF AN ORANGE.

To that excellent old tune, "Of a Pudding," &c.

OOD people come buy
The fruit that I cry,
That now is in ſeaſon, tho' Winter is nigh,
'Twill do you all good,
And ſweeten your blood;
I'm ſure it will pleaſe you when once underſtood.
'Tis an Orange.

Its cordial juice
Does much vigor produce,
I may well recommend it to every man's uſe;
Tho' ſome it quite chills,
And with fear almoſt kills,
Yet certain each honeſt man benefit feels
by an Orange.

To make claret go down,
Sometimes there is found
A jolly good health to paſs pleaſantly round;
But yet I'll proteſt,
Without any jeſt,
No flavor is better than that of the taſte
of an Orange.

Perhaps you may think
At Whitehall they ſtink,
Becauſe that our neighbors come over the ſea;
But ſure 'tis preſum'd
That may be perfum'd
By the ſcent of a clove when once it is ſtuck
in an Orange.

If they'd cure the ails
Of the Prince of Wales,
When the *Milk of Milch Tyler* does not well agree;
Though he's ſubject to caſt,
They may better the taſte,
Yet let 'em take heed leſt it curdle at laſt
with an Orange.

Old Stories rehearſe,
In proſe and in verſe,
How a Welſh child was found by loving of cheeſe;
So this will be known
If it be the Queen's own;
For the taſte it utterly then will diſown
of an Orange.

Though the mobile bawl,
Like the Devil and all,
For Religion, Property, Juſtice, and Laws;

Yet, in very good ſooth,
I'll tell you the truth,
There nothing is better to ſtop a man's mouth
than an Orange.

We are certainly told
That by Adam of old,
Himſelf and his bearns for an Apple was ſold;
And who knows but his ſon,
By ſerpents undone,
And his juggling *Eve* may chance loſe her own
for an Orange?

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LONDON
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
NEW-STREET SQUARE

00043507

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 April, 2016